
MS:
321 JASPER AVENUE.

POICE COMMISSION REPORT REDUCTION OF EXPENDITURE OF \$120,000 IN TWO YEARS

Strength of the Force Reduced from 113 to 87—But Efficiency of Force Maintained—Commissioners Declare Prohibition Act Has Been Great Boon to the City.

"Since taking over the management of the force we have done everything possible to economize and reduce the cost of the upkeep of the department to the lowest point, at the same time maintaining it as an efficient police force," says the annual statement of the police commission presented to the members of the city council.

When we took control of the force on April 30, 1915, the total strength of the whole force was 113, and that against 57 today, which shows the gradual decrease we have made in the strength of the force at the same time keeping up its efficiency and doing the work which they were called upon to do.

The first step in taking over the control of the force was to cut down the number of men from 113 to 87, and this year our total estimated expenditure was \$99,250, and at the end of October we have spent only \$10,217, which means that we are saving in two years of approximately \$120,000 in the city.

Prohibition Great Boon.

"During the past year the work of the prohibition act has been a great boon to the city," says the report. "The number of persons arrested for violation of the act during the year was 1,000, as against 250 for the previous year. The number of persons arrested for violation of the act during the year was 1,000, as against 250 for the previous year. The number of persons arrested for violation of the act during the year was 1,000, as against 250 for the previous year."

Edmonton Cleaner City.

"During the past year 418 persons were arrested and approximately 600 were convicted. The police commission has had a very large amount of work to do, and we are glad to note that the work has resulted in securing such a high percentage of conviction before the courts. This record would give indication of the quality of the work performed by them, and the results of the police commission's work to deterrence to crime, the result in Edmonton being a cleaner city."

819 Prisoners.

"Prisoners to the number of 819 were committed to the city prison during the year, of these 112 were females. The number of persons committed to the city prison during the year was 819, of these 112 were females. The number of persons committed to the city prison during the year was 819, of these 112 were females."

Will Not Fail to Take Advantage of Our

Factory Sale

And Secure Their Xmas Gifts at Extremely Low Prices.

BOOKS

FANCY STATIONERY

CALENDARS

CHRISTMAS CARDS

KIDDIE KARS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

TOY AEROPLANES

SUBMARINES

ANT LANTHER GOODS

ETC., ETC.

at Victory Sale Prices.

10032 Jasper.

The Douglas Co.,

LIMITED.

10032 Jasper Avenue

ETC., ETC.

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Van Lee Londres... 85c	CIGARS BOX OF 10
Van Lee Brokers... \$1.25	Turkett's Club Special
La Preferencia Club	Little Pearls
House 1.00	

The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

REGINALD SIMMS OF OTTAWA.



Re-elected president of Eastern Canada Amateur Hockey Association, although absent from the annual meeting through illness.

Late Dr. Clark Murray



Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at McGill University, who died recently in Montreal.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S SON KILLED IN PALESTINE



Hon. Neil James Primrose, killed while fighting with the British forces in France. He was appointed secretary to the minister of munitions in 1914 and has represented Wisbech Division, Cambridge, in the House since 1910.

EUGENE N. FOSS



Boston financier, and ex-Governor, whose affairs had to be taken over by a committee of bankers owing to the big break in securities.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG



MILLER HUGGINS SIGNS UP TO MANAGE THE YANKEES



Miller James Huggins, Cincinnati, in the act of signing a contract which makes him manager of the New York Yankees for the next two years. To the right is Colonel Jacob Kupper, owner of the Yankees.



General Pershing being greeted by a British officer on the British line in Flanders.

THE NEW ALLIED WAR COUNCIL.



Left to right—Major-Gen. Wilson for Great Britain; Gen. Foch, for France; Gen. Cadorna, for Italy.

GENERAL BYNG.



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO



Famous Italian poet and aesthetic leader believed to have been killed in air fighting while flying to protect the art treasures of Venice from the vandalism of the enemy.

WILLIAM H. BENNETT APPOINTED SENATOR



Successor to the late Senator Corby of Belleville. Senator Bennett was formerly member for East Simcoe. He has long been prominent in Conservative ranks.

LEADER OF NEW RUSSIAN REVOLT



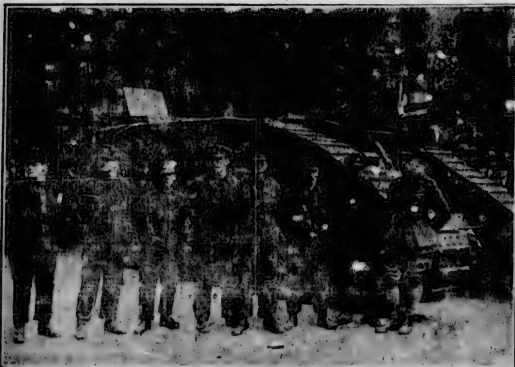
Leon Trotsky, head of the Maximalist movement. His real name is Leher Braunstein, and Trotsky is an assumed name.

SURRENDER IN THE AIR.



This extraordinary picture was taken by the French aviator victor, Lieut. René Grossail. He was killed shortly afterwards in another battle.

IN THE VICTORY LOAN PARADE.



This is a scene from Montreal's Victory Loan parade showing the tanks which were a feature of the procession. Most of the members of the crew have been in action with the tank corps in France.

BERNHARDT AT 73.



World-famous actress who is throwing her indefatigable self into war work on both sides of the water. Her spirit of fire is burning for France on tiny stages set behind the lines, where she entertains the Poilus with scenes from the great dramas.

HARRY LAUDER AS SPEAKER.



Scottish comedian addressing and singing to British soldiers on French front shortly after the death of his only son, Capt. John Lauder, shown in insert.

An Income For Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

REMEMBER THE VICTORY SALE IS ON

YOU WILL BE WISE
IF YOU DO YOUR
CHRISTMAS PRESENT
BUYING HERE

BOOKS, CALENDARS, PICTURES,
STATIONERY, FOUNTAIN PENS, ETC.
AT UNHEARD OF PRICES.

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10033 Jasper.

Save our receipts, and call your estimates for the \$2500
Free Bungalow.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES "MADE FOR YOU--NOT MERELY SOLD TO YOU."

LA FLECHE BROS.

Western Canada's Greatest Custom Tailoring House



SPECIAL Sale of Rugs

Get in on these specials in Carpet Squares. Bring the size of that
room. We will carpet it with a rug, any price, from
Size 9'x9' \$9.95
Size 12'x14' \$12.00

GRAHAM & REID

Next Salkirk Hotel.

HOME FURNISHERS

Bracelet Watches

—A Timepiece, as well as an ornament for the wrist:
Solid Gold...\$20.00 to \$100.00
Gold Filled...\$15.00 to \$25.00
Silver with leather straps \$12.00
Gold Filled with straps \$14.00
to \$20.00

ASH BROTHERS

Jewellers. Diamond Merchants. C.P.R. Watch Inspectors.
Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

EVER-READY DAYLO

Get Your Flashlight Where You Get the Best Service.

Fresh
StockBig
Variety

Burnham-Frith Co., Ltd.

10170 100th St., Edmonton, Phone 6135

A Free Kureka to the Winner on a Purchase From Us.

Alberta Coal Has Value In Every Ounce

Don't be caught short of coal! Let us fill your cellar

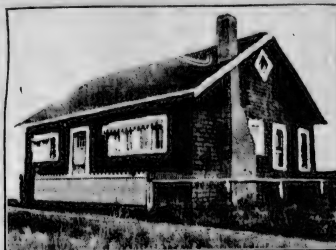
Remember, our receipt is worth one estimate for every
dollar you pay.

Use your phone and let us have your order.

PHONE 6355

The Great Northern Coal

Co., Ltd.
EDMONTON



Free Title to this \$2,250 Bungalow will be the Christmas Gift to one of our readers.

It Will Not Cost the Winner a Cent - Read How To Get It

ON December 24th a FREE Gift will be made of the clear title deeds to this beautiful five-room bungalow, located at 12610 100th Ave., City, to some patron of the stores advertising on these Special Pages. The conditions are very simple—Buy your goods from the stores whose advertisements appear on these two special pages—save your bills, and for every \$1.00 spent you will be entitled to one guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container we will place in full view in the front window of The Bulletin Office—On Dec. 24th a committee of Judges, who will be named later, will make a public count of the number of grains of seed wheat in the container and the person guessing the correct number, or the one whose guess is nearest correct, will be awarded this beautiful bungalow without payment of one cent of money. These therefore are the ONLY conditions: FIRST: Patronize the stores advertising on these pages; SECOND: Bring your bills to The Bulletin Office and register your guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container.

THE PRIZE WILL IN NO EVENT BE AWARDED TO AN EMPLOYEE OR DEPENDENT OF EMPLOYEE OF THE BULLETIN CO. LTD.

The name Humberstone has, since the time Edmonton was Fort
Edmonton, stood for high grade coal. It occupies the same position
among coals that No. 1 Northern does in the wheat market.

HUMBERSTONE QUALITY IS UNCHALLENGED
HUMBERSTONE SERVICE IS UNMATCHED

Prices consistent with quality and service. Remember, you get
full value in fuel for every dollar you spend and an opportunity to
win the \$2,250 bungalow.

Humberstone Coal Co.

Phones 2248, 1492, 2258 : 9981 Jasper Ave.

It is not too early to think of
that Christmas present for your
wife—what about

A HOOSIER CABINET

Sold on easy payments, and we

will deliver when you require.

HOOSIER STORE

H. A. WOOD.

10024 101A Ave.

—A chance to win the \$2,250 prize bungalow with every dollar payment.

PURE MILK

CREAM

BUTTER & CHEESE

FROM THE

WOODLAND

DAIRY

Every dollar's worth of milk, cheese,
butter or cream, entitles you to a chance of winning the \$2,250
prize bungalow.

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO FIGURE ON THAT
CHRISTMAS GIFT.

WHY NOT PUT A

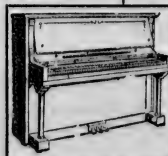
MASTER'S PIANO

-IN YOUR HOME

AND SO HAVE A GIFT THAT
WILL GIVE PLEASURE TO
THE WHOLE FAMILY—YOU
COULD NOT GIVE ANYTHING
THAT WOULD BE MORE APPRECIATED.

The Masters Piano Co.

10521 Jasper.



Are YOU a Sufferer
From
Rheumatism
Or Its Kindred Ills?
If So, Try This



People who have used R & S
POWDER say that it is the most
powerful and effective remedy
for rheumatism and
stomach trouble.

We are daily in receipt of letters
from sufferers from rheumatism
who are grateful for the relief
they have had, and we
have on our files hundreds of
testimonials.

May be obtained at all dealers
or sent postpaid by R & S Co.,
Edmonton.

Dealers can obtain it at Revillon
Wholesale, Ltd., Edmonton.

Redeem the R & S trade
marks on boxes for guesses on
the \$2,250 bungalow.

Low-Priced Farms

We have some good farms at low
prices. If you are thinking of buying
a farm in good crops. It will pay
you to do so. The following are
all for sale on easy terms.

Quarter section, 8 1/2 miles from
Edmonton. Good soil, fair buildings,
fencing. This is worth more than
the price. \$1,000 small tract, 200 acres,
fencing. \$1,000. If you are thinking
of buying all about these if you see us
at our office.

Quarter section, south of West
Edmonton. This can be had at \$2,
000 with small cash payment and
easy terms for balance. This is certainly
a good purchase.

Quarter section, south of Riverdale,
Edmonton. Good soil, fair buildings,
fencing. This is worth more than
the price. \$1,000 small tract, 200 acres,
fencing. \$1,000. If you are thinking
of buying all about these if you see us
at our office.

Whyte & Co. Ltd.

111 Riverdale Building, Corner 8th St.

FOR PAINTS and WALLPAPERS

GO TO

JAMESON'S

AGENCY

10628 Jasper

You get full value in goods for every dollar you spend and an opportunity to win the owner of the

\$2,250 FREE BUNGALOW.

Phone 1510

ARE YOU LUCKY?

IT WAS OUR CUSTOMER WHO WON THE BIG PRIZE LAST YEAR

IT COSTS NO MORE TO BUY

KING COAL

With Mahar Coal Co. Service.

PHONE 1066

Or call and see us at our New office in the Rossum Building.

MAHAR COAL CO'Y.

Edmonton's Leading Coal Merchants
Office: Rossum Bldg., Jasper and 102nd St. Phone 665
Yards: 104th Street and 104th Avenue

This is overcast weather. We are here with the goods you require. Our men's wear in every line is the best we can buy, and our prices are right. So you are protected. Your money is safe for any reason.

We give \$50 worth of merchandise to our customer who guesses the correct or nearest correct number in the Bulletin contest.

ESSERY & CO.

THE MEN'S STORE

10073 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 5495

Announcement!

We wish to announce the arrival of a large stock of Congoleum Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum, Windsor Shades, etc. This stock was purchased at the old prices, and you need only inspect our well assorted lines to satisfy yourself. Give us a call; it will pay you.

Hutton Furniture & Upholstering Company

Phone 1306. 10520 Jasper Ave.
We do Upholstering, Carpet Cleaning, Furniture Packing and Repairs.

THE SEASON'S LATEST FASHIONS IN

FUR NECESSITIES

Our stock contains many charming designs in Fur and Fur
Combs, in styles that will dominate this coming season. We
would advise an early selection before the cold weather.

WE ALSO SPECIALIZE IN

Furs Made to Order and Furs Remodeled

By Well Experienced Workmen.

Alexander - Hilpert Fur Co. Ltd.

10827 Jasper Ave., between 108th St. and 109th St. Scott Bldg.

Phone 4064

Every dollar spent here gives you a chance to win this beautiful Free Home

There is no better food for growing bodies and
active minds than

CAMPBELL'S BREAD

Insure the health of the family by providing it for
their every meal.

Order Today - Phone 1444

On sale by all the leading grocers in the city.

CHAS. W. CAMPBELL

The Better Bread Maker

Corner of 100th Street and 101st Avenue

Every \$1.00 worth of Bread Tickets gives you a chance to
own the \$2,250 Bungalow.

An Income for Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

High Grade Furs for Cold Weather Comfort

You Are Sure to Need Fur Coats Shortly
Dressy Hudson Seal Coats Specially Priced

\$150.00 \$200.00 \$250.00
\$350.00 \$375.00

FUR SETS
In Wof, Fox, Sable, Lynx, Mink, Etc.

The Cheapest Furs on the Market--Quality Considered

Furs give lots of Guesses on Free Bungalow.

FORBES-TAYLOR CO.

10514-18 Jasper W.

Ask Any Widow

What She Thinks of Life Insurance.

Ask Any Sincere Man--Yourself For Instance--What HE Thinks. There's really not much difference in your conclusions, or the widow's, is there? ONLY YOU MIGHT delay too long if you wait at all, so see
W. W. HUTTON, THE SUN LIFE MAN
Phone 3113 and 3120.

Home Electric Light & Power Co.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR
DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS

Send us a Copy of Your Plans and Let us Estimate on Your Wiring Job.

Ask for Illustrated Catalogue of **DELCO LIGHT**

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE.
10028 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

DON'T Let the Cold Weather Catch You Unprepared

Be in time and purchase one of our splendid, cozy, warm overcoats.
The selection now is large. Select your own style, and leave the rest to us.

BE A TAILORED MAN. The price is very little higher than the ready-made product, and you get absolute satisfaction.

Full Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and
A HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

BULBS FOR WINTER : BLOOMING :

Hyacinths \$1.50 doz., Daffodils 75c doz.,
Tulips 35c doz.

Our first shipment has just arrived from Holland. The finest quality of bulbs you can secure. We advise buying your bulbs at once owing to the great scarcity.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR PLANTING

Walter Ramsay, Limited

10218 Jasper Ave., or **FLOISTS.** Phone 82444.



OUR SPECIAL
Lady's Wrist Watch

This is a 15 jewel guaranteed watch in fine quality gold filled case, with gold filled bracelet. **\$13.75**

D. A. KIRKLAND
THE QUALITY JEWELLER.

Men's Overcoats
\$13.95 and \$1.95

Sizes 35 to 44. Gray and brown tweeds, in smart fitting models with high storm collars.

Get Your Guess on the gold 0.00 House.

MARTIN'S THE CORNER

97th Street, at Jasper Avenue. Phone 2031.

BULLETIN

THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows of The Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal, open faced and covered with glass--they are approximately 6 1/2 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1 1/2 inches deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat. One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants advertising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballots.

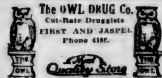
SAVINGS IN FURNITURE BUYING

--Our foresight in purchasing heavily in anticipation of a decided advance in prices of everything in Furniture, is enabling us to sell today considerably below the market price.

Your Opportunity to Save and Buy **Woolsey Bonds**

BLOWEY-HENRY CO.

ROSSUM'S



The Owl Drug Co.
Cdn. Retail Druggists
1107 1/2 Ave. S.W. Phone 4116.

The Home of Home Made Candies

For Suggestions IN

Xmas Candies

Complete Lines of Canada's Finest Chocolates in dainty gift packages for Christmas.

ROSSUM'S

Corner Jasper and 2nd St.

IF YOU BURN

Pembina Peerless Coal

YOU MAY WIN THE HOUSE AND LOT; IN ANY EVENT YOU KNOW YOU ARE USING THE BEST COAL YOU CAN BUY.

Western Transfer & Storage Ltd.

Phones 5216 and 1631

Unimpeachable Quality

HOBBERLIN'S New Fabrics of unimpeachable quality, are tailored in smart, exclusive styles for men who desire distinctive dress without being faddish.

Hobberlin Clothes are individually cut by master cutters and tailored with care.

The result is, clothes with a personality, and of recognized superiority.

Suit and Overcoat Values
\$22--\$25--\$30--\$35

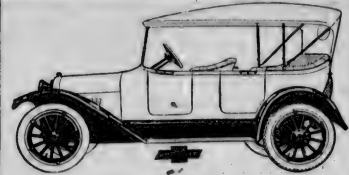
Made to Measure or Ready-to-Wear

The House of Hobberlin

A. G. CALDER, LIMITED. 10173 101st St.

Remember: You Get a Chance to Win the \$2,250 Free Bungalow With Every Dollar You Spend Here.

Make Your Money Fight--Buy VICTORY Bonds



Power enough, and to spare, together with being moderately priced has made the **CHEVROLET** the most popular car in Canada today.

Let Us Show You Its Qualities.

Nor' West Motors Ltd.

DISTRIBUTORS

10151 108th Street.

Phone 5262.

FURS

MADE FROM THE RAW SKINS IN OUR OWN WORK ROOMS.

TRUDEL Made Furs Have a Distinctive Personality Which Betrays the Hand of an Artist.

Visit Our Factory and Show Rooms. Our Work is its Own Recommendation.

L. TRUDEL

Buyers and Manufacturers of Raw Furs.

Our Receipt Give Our Customers an Opportunity of Winning the \$2,250 Free Bungalow.

10188 108th Street.

Phone 2171.

Sommerville's Specials

CASSEROLES, 8 inch. Regular \$3.00. Special \$1.75
CASSEROLES, 7 inch. Regular \$2.50. Special \$1.50
SANI FLUSH--Special 20c
SUIT CASES--Regular \$2.50. Special \$1.75

Elko Solid Alcohol Cook Stoves, complete with kettle, stand and one can of heat. Regular 50c. Special 36c

The Quality Hardware House

PHONE 6889

YOU MAKE NO MISTAKE WHEN YOU ORDER

BLACK DIAMOND COAL

You get full value with every dollar's worth, and an estimate on the \$2,250 Free Bungalow Contest.



PHONE 2424
10026 101st Avenue
Phone 4736

VICTORY WAR BONDS

We will accept them as cash for goods selected from our most complete stock of

Quality Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Fine China, Cut Glass, Stationery, Etc.

Jackson Bros.

10022 Jasper Ave.
Edmonton. Phone 1747
Marriage License Issued

The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1917.



Store
Closes at
5.30,
Saturday
6 o'clock



JAMES RAMSEY
LIMITED

The Store of the Christmas Spirit

Phone
Private
Exchange
9311

Christmas, Always the Season of Gifts, Becomes More and More a Season of Useful Presents—In Canada the Long Cold Winters Make

Furs Most Acceptable As Gifts !

Never before have we been able to assemble such an extensive array of the beautiful in women's Fur Coats. All the most favored styles and peltries find representation in this unique display; a feature of no mean importance is the unusually low prices and the exceptionally high quality of every garment.

We positively guarantee every Fur Garment purchased from us.



Women's and Misses' Hudson Seal Coats

Very Special \$133.50

This Coat is of splendid quality, heavily furred Hudson Seal "dyed muskrat." The deep large notch collar can be worn either fastened at throat or open, showing reverses. It is lined with best guaranteed satin. Sizes for misses and women. Special,

\$133.50

Exclusive Hudson Seal Coat With Russian Opposum Trimming, Special \$275

Dressy indeed is this rich Hudson Seal Coat. The collar is cape style and is of Russian opossum; the sleeves are roomy, the cuffs and bottom are also trimmed with Russian opossum. It is the 100-inch sweep which gives this coat its becoming and swagger appearance. Exclusive Coat

\$275.00

Good Taste, a Very Attractive Feature of This BLACK LYNX TRIMMED COAT at \$350.00

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\$57.50

trimmed with head and tail. The Set.

7 Black Wolf Sets at \$50.00 Each

A rich black fur, with real wearing qualities. There are three different styles. The most popular seems to be the animal shape stole and the round muff. These Furs are lined throughout with a splendid quality of black Skinner's satin.

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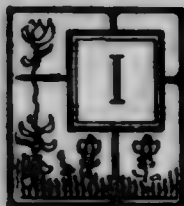
\$50.00



A CONNOISSEUR'S BLUNDER

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by Henry Thiele



I GUESS there will never be another marine mystery as great as the Marie Celeste," said Zeph Stovers regretfully. "They start out just as mysterious, a lot of 'em, but when the cards are

all shuffled there's the explanation, clear as the light o' day. Take the old Dream Girl, frinstance, the same schooner now wallowing in a mud bank down here in the bay."

Stovers drank native gin with me in a Zamboanga grog shop, and because I bought and listened well he told me the events of some years' tempestuous seafaring from Ta Kan to Van Dieman Gulf. He was a small, weakened man, with an educated tongue in his head, when he chose to speak carefully. It was whispered around the Manila water front that any ship that signed Stovers was bound to have disaster. I do not suppose this is any more authentic a rumor than most of the other bastard tales that drift about the bay front crimp-houses.

But such disasters as he had witnessed—and they were unduly numerous, it seemed, violating all laws of chance and coincidence—he discussed freely enough.

"There's the old Dream Girl," he repeated slowly. "They pick her up abandoned off Tawi Tawi a few years ago with all canvas spread and a heavy list to port. No trace of captain or crew—no ship's log, no clearance papers on file—nothing to give anyone a line on things. The schooner is libeled for salvage in the admiralty courts and the owners lick in with the salvage and put her back in the copra-yanking trade.

"A 'mystery,' men say—mystery enough, I suppose, when the right of it's never been set down in black and white. But she ain't by any manner o' means to be classed with the Marie Celeste as a mystery ship. Why? 'Cause I'll lay a fair bet that there's no one alive and above hatches knows the truth about the Marie Celeste. But the Dream Girl affair is no mystery to a sight o' people—half a dozen, anyhow.

"It ain't no mystery to me! I guess there's a coffee-colored girl back in Giong Bay that could tell her share—her share an' the monkey's. But I never told it. Mind that, now—the mate of a craft at sea afraid to come in and tell a gospel story before the admiralty sharks—simply because it would sound fishy!

THERE'S somethin' about an admiralty court that sort of shrivels the words up in an honest navigator's throat, anyhow. Seems like there isn't anything aboveboard about 'em. They're always suspectin' motives and cross-examinin' and drawin' the worst possible conclusion from any mors of evidence. So when I crawled ashore into the Tawi Tawi jungles that afternoon, half crazy with yellow jack an' loss of blood and fear, I thought I'd call it a closed incident. The girl and the monkey bein' willin', it was sort of all squared up.

"I first set eyes on the Dream Girl in Giong Bay, when Captain Summers put in for a navigator and an extra hand or two. I'd been ashore with yellow jack burning in my bones for three weeks, and I was fair sick of the Borneo Hill country. I signed quick enough on his say, so that the port of entry would be Manila. I was egg'in' to get back to the States in those days.

"She was short of hands—Summers and three Lascars worked her in after some sort of a lagoon rumpus on a beche de mer run. We took on a Chinese cook at Giong and a Moro who said he could box the compass and proved it in a queer patter of English, Spanish and Indo-French. They all seemed fair, enough sailors and we ran by Cape Unsang in

good fashion. We had 200 casks of copra aboard, and I guess the old man aimed to get it into wharf shelter at Manila before it rendered itself into coconut oil.

"At Giong we booked a passenger, too, and I guess that was the beginning of the little procession of events that left me crawlin' through the Tawi Tawi jungles, while the old Dream Girl sailed herself all over the Sulu Sea. He was an old party, pretty gray and a whole lot bent, as if he'd been duckin' jungle steamers for a good many years. His casks came aboard ahead of him, and I guessed from the smell of stale alcohol and formaldehyde that he was one of these bug-collecting freaks that are always being picked up or let ashore somewhere along the Borneo coast.

HE SEEMED to be all alone, and said that he'd been collectin' zoological specimens for a matter of six weeks or more. He was yellow an' woozy with quinine, and I still wonder how those Dyak devils in the Borneo bush ever overlooked him. Anyway, the captain gave him the best cabin aft and moved into the chart-room himself, bag and baggage. Then he jerked the mudhook and we stood out for Unsang and the Sulu Sea.

"Off Unsang we hove to again, with blocks rattling and cordage slatting, while the old man makes a mysterious trip ashore. 'There's always something worth pickin' up here,' he explains, 'in the way of passengers or cargo.' I'd seen a light ashore for about an hour, and thought it might be a Dyak bush fire. He said he'd take a chance, however, and I knew that he had something in mind. Even lime juice skippers ain't in the habit of putting ashore off a silent black wall of Borneo jungle unless they know what's dead ahead of 'em.

"The passenger was asleep, I guess. At least he locked himself in the cabin as soon as his things were chucked in, and we didn't see him again for a couple of days. Along about three bells—1:30 in the morning—I heard the captain's gig bumping and scraping alongside. 'Tend a hand aloft!' he said, and I helped up the passenger. It was a queer set—as queer as ever I've seen. She seemed to be about 15 years of age, with an ordinary sort of Dyak face, save that the features are rather more delicate and the eyes bigger and softer.

"She was all swathed in a sort of gray silk, and after I'd hoisted her aboard—she was good and solid for all her slenderness—she sort of faded away aft. Something else was boosted up in a covered bamboo cage—something that smelled pretty strong and rank. It reminded me then of the river mists of Java during the mud-churn of the rainy season. I swung it inboard without any comment, and Summers himself came aboard.

"We're a regular P. & O. liner for passenger popularity," he says, 'and I guess the trip will net me £50 in fares alone.'

"So I see," I says. "Who's the charming young thing and what's the precise nature o' her menagerie?"

"Pet mandrill," says Summers with a grin. "I guess they was raised together or something like that. She's some sort of protegee of old Van Zuyder, beche de mer prince of Giong. Hardly an hour after old Bugs-and-Snails here clambers aboard Van Zuyder calls me into his shop and wants me to step off Unsang for this pick-up. 'I'm going to educate her after

the white man's system," he says. "She's my natural daughter, and I guess I owe her that much. I'm going to put her in the Holy Madonna Convent in Manila. See to it that she gets there right enough."

"Fair enough," says I. "Only I don't guarantee any safe conduct for that damn monkey. If it ever bumps up against me in the dark I'm going to kick it clear off the taffrail."

"I wouldn't," says Summers. "You know what handsome, soft-tempered brutes mandrills are as a class? Well, this little family pet is the biggest and ugliest I've ever lamped. Don't be mean to it. We need a mate all the way into Corregidor."

"I got a good look at it the next morning. Its face was about a foot long, with those awful red and blue stripes under the little piglike eyes that make them look like a medieval devil. It walked on all fours, monkey fashion, but more swiftly and with something of the agility of a dog. The Chinese cook took one slant at it and beat it back into the galley, praying aloud to all the Taoist gods of his acquaintance.

"The Lascars were just about as scared. The girl—she was a mighty pretty cream-colored little mix in daylight—just smiled, exposing a whole lot of teeth as fine as a set of pearls I've seen marketed in these parts. It seemed to amuse her. It was drilling up the deck that afternoon, close in to the rail. It happened to be the starboard side, so when I got even with it I stepped over to the right. It didn't seem to understand, and sat there, staring at me with little, beady eyes.

"I aimed a kick at it that caught it fair in the chest and tumbled it into the scuppers. It roared in a fashion that nearly stood my hair on end. And it started back. But first it threw a belaying pin! The thing whizzed by my cheek like a bullet, and behind it, with its mouth open a good eight inches and its canines gleaming like tusks, came this monkey devil. I'll never forget those teeth.

"I pulled my gun, not aimin' to engage in any flat fight with the brute. As I did so the girl hove in view around the corner of the cabin.

"Matiste!" she called.

"The mandrill stopped its rush so suddenly that it actually slid along the deck from the momentum of its approach. Then it slunk back into the scuppers, staring at me with its hideous red and blue face all distorted with snarls. My hand was trembling and there was a queer vibration in my knees that I haven't felt in a good many rougher corners. The thing's approach seemed too demoniacal, so sinister in a brute fashion that I was scared a-plenty.

THE girl's black eyes were flashing with indignation.

"If you," she said crisply in fairly good English, 'had thee—thee, oh, so common friendliness—to let poor Matiste walk on deck there would be none of the bad blood. Now, see! Always Matiste—he hate you. Always he wish to hurt you. Me—me, if Matiste go hated—I should be afraid of the night shadows!'

"I don't doubt that he'll heave another belaying pin at me out of the 'night shadows,'" I said. "But otherwise I'm not much afraid. And you'd better tell him to peg the next one a little straighter, seeing that he's a shark at

the game. If he doesn't, you'll have to use his hide for a collar after I've unbuckled with my old 'first aid' forty-five."

"She gritted her little teeth and almost spat at me.

"I'd like to see you try—porg!" she said. "I'd like to see you try eet!"

"I did a lot more grinning at the time than I did on subsequent dog watches. And the same night Pete, the one-eyed Lascar, disappeared. He'd been at the wheel half an hour, I guess, on one of those black, velvety nights with the stars burning big blurred holes in the night sky overhead, when I saw the old Dream Girl yaw suddenly and nose around into the wind. It's the best sign in the world that your tiller ropes have parted or that the man at the wheel has thrown up the job.

"I cursed him on general principles and went running aft to see what it was all about. The wheel was spinning erratically as the leisurely heave of the sea slapped the schooner's rudder around. Pete himself wasn't in sight. Yumah Jack, who was on the same watch, was standing there, very pale of face and shaking like a leaf.

"Where's Pete?" I called out.

He shrugged his shoulders and gesticulated violently.

"D'no," he said stupidly. "D'no. Pete gone. Fanny like hell!"

"I guess he didn't know. Pete had just vanished over the side as neat as a coal-balled corpse. We routed out the old man and the rest of the crew, but search ahow and aleft failed to reveal hide nor hair of the missing wheelsman. I had been drowsing over the port bow and Yumah Jack was opposite me, so there was no one aft at the time Pete's hand left the spokes.

"I think I can dope it all pretty straight now. But at the time the strangeness of the thing left me in a sort of blue funk. Pete was a corking good man at the wheel. I suppose he was half asleep when it happened. He could hang over the binnacle, putting her two spokes on and off, as accurately as clockwork, and yet be asleep right to the soles of his feet. And he wore earrings—great red glass affairs that had cost him a quid or two at some Sydney curio shop.

ONE of these stayed aboard. Summers shoved it across at me at dinner the next day.

"Ever see that before?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Where did you find it?"

"At the foot of the companionway," he said. His voice was rather shaky and it seemed to me that some of the color had faded out of his mug. "Tight at the door of her cabin. There was a little blood spattered over it. I shouldn't be surprised if—" He stopped suddenly and stared at me in an irritating sort of way. I thought he was playing to whet my interest.

"Well," I said, 'why the sudden blushing coyness? You were just about to have an idea. Let's violate all precedent by going through with it.'

"All right," he said crustily. "It ain't no bloomin' joke, either. I was going to say that I wouldn't be much surprised if some more wearers o' cheap jewelry in these parts would go the way Pete did." "Which, after a fashion o' speech, sort of nominates my ruby ring," I said sarcastically. It was a peach, too, and half as big as a pigeon's egg. "Or were you alluding to Simla Bill's garnet bracelet?"

"I guess there isn't much to choose," said the old man.

"Well," says I, 'you are hereby absolved of any responsibility for the junk jewelry on my trick. Simla Bill and the festive garnet bracelet is on yours. Watch out!'

"I thought it was more talk than go."

A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

Raising Musical Standard : In Western Canada :

(By Kenneth A. Ross)

The writer has been requested to give a general review of the progress that is unquestionably taking place in Western Canada, in the matter of musical development, particularly as it is revealed in the interest that is manifested by all classes of people, in the better class of concert.

It is a well-known fact, that a few years ago, the musical propaganda of Western Canada consisted in a large number of concerts by such attractions as "Jubilee Singers," "Bell Singers," "Monologue Exponents," worn out singers travelling on their reputation, etc. While in Eastern Canada there were musical organizations formed each season for the purpose of exploiting the "West." And the pity of it was that these inferior attractions were able to tour the west, reaping a rich harvest by charging exorbitant prices of admission, whereas really good attractions might have been secured, if there had been some interested organization or individual in Western Canada to arrange the necessary business details.

It must not be inferred from the above that the west was altogether without good musical entertainment, for some of the world's foremost artists visited the country as long as fifteen years ago. In fact, scarcely a season passed without a visit from at least one great artist, such names as Melba, Elman, McCormack, Kubelek, Schumann-Heink, and others being well-known in Western Canada. But there was no organized effort to build up a permanent patronage of high class concerts, and because of the haphazard nature of the situation the visits of these artists were not appreciated—from the standpoint of box office receipts, although money was plentiful—and the cheaper forms of amusement were well attended.

But during the past two or three years a change has taken place, a change that has been brought about partly through the influence of the war. For it is a recognized fact that in all the belligerent countries the people have turned to music as never before, whereas there has been a marked falling off in the attendance at other forms of entertainment. But added to this general condition, there is the more direct influence of a systematic effort to provide western Canada with a regular season of concerts by recognized artists. The season of 1916-17 marked the first real work along this line, when the principal cities from Winnipeg to Vancouver were visited by a large number of celebrated artists, many of them never having set foot in any part of Canada before. Indeed, it is a fact that several artists whose names are prominent in the music centres of Europe, have been heard in Western Canada during the past two years, even before New York had the opportunity of hearing them. And in this connection it is somewhat significant to note that the opinions of Western Canadian music critics were quoted by some of the New York papers in referring to these artists.

While the actual work in connection with the engaging of the artists, and the general arrangement of the business details in connection with

the concerts, has fallen to the lot of a few men who are interested in developing the business of concert direction in Western Canada—the real credit for the remarkable progress that has been made in such a short time, is due to the hearty co-operation of the music lovers of the cities in which the concerts are given. Also to the musical organizations that flourish in several cities—notably the Edmonton Women's Musical Club, the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, the Women's Musical Club of Regina, the Women's Musical Club of Calgary, while in Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Medicine Hat, and on out to the coast, various organizations have co-operated in interesting the public in the better class of concert.

One of the most gratifying features of the situation is the keen appreciation of the audiences of the west, in the more artistic offerings of the artists. Indeed, several of the very best artists that have visited this territory, have expressed the opinion, based upon their own observation—that in no other part of the United States or Canada are more appreciative audiences to be found than in the cities of Western Canada. And this appreciation has not only been revealed through the enthusiasm of the audiences, but also by the size of the attendance for generally speaking the attendance is good in all cities. Winnipeg naturally holds the matter of attendance in high estimation, and a good second and in some cases actually leads the latter city.

Another significant aspect of this new interest in musical affairs is the increasing large number of studios that are being established, while the increase in the number of pupils is correspondingly large. A practical demonstration of this fact was witnessed at a recent piano recital in Edmonton, when fully half of the audience was composed of piano pupils, enrolled in the various studios of the city. And the audience was the largest of the season.

Practically every town of from twenty thousand population now has one or more musical clubs or organizations. There are several choral and oratorio societies—the Winnipeg Oratorio Society being one of the oldest, most representative, and most successful organizations of its kind in Canada—indeed it is doubtful if there are many more progressive oratorio societies on the continent. This society is keenly interested in fostering the appreciation of the better class of concerts, and to this end is ever ready to co-operate in promoting recitals by acknowledged artists.

Lack of time and space makes it impossible to enumerate the many excellent musical organizations that are exerting a helpful influence in raising the musical standard in Western Canada. But this article would be lacking in appreciation were mention not made of the press—which has invariably kept pace with the march of events, by giving one publicity to all matters pertaining to music in its various branches.

"He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He said himself that in writing the "Hallelujah" chorus he reached such a spiritual emotion that he "did think he saw heaven opened, and God Himself."

Music today is of inestimable value in the work of the churches. It has to be in the natural order of things, for music at its source is sacred.

THE ATHLETIC BANDMASTER

Creator, the athletic bandmaster, is out this season at the head of a grand opera company. Without throwing cold water on the project, one perhaps may wonder how he can get the necessary contortions into the limelight. An opera conductor sits in semi-darkness and all eyes are directed toward the singer and the chorus on the stage. (There is a nice distinction here which should not be overlooked.) But Creator won his reputation by his habit of walking around amongst his bandmen, whispering now to one, now to another, and thus leading them to the climax of the music. Then he would tear out a few handfuls of hair and take all the Swedish exercises prescribed for the arms, neck and trunk. If the conductor is not to be at liberty to use these methods, where is the advantage in having Creator opera? If he uses them, no one will be able to follow the argument of the opera or listen to the technique of the singers. Perhaps a more satisfactory arrangement than the common one would be to put the orchestra on the stage and let the singers and the chorus stand in the orchestra pit. The arrangement would be novel. We could get the effect of voices and instruments in sweet collision, and at the same time have the fun of watching the greatest contortionist in the business.

There are hundreds of band and orchestra conductors who direct fully as well as Giuseppe Creator. Yet nobody hears of them. The one man who by monstrous methods made the great public pause and wonder is now counted worthy of the most important of musical offices, the conducting of a grand opera company.

MUSIC TEMPERATURE

Somehow there is a clever little lady known to her friends as "The Woman who believes." It was therefore with a certain amount of surprise that her name was mentioned in connection with the night was cold enough for warm music. And, sitting down to the word, she pointed out and pointed out method, culled from the operas of "Carmen," "Puccini," "The Barber of Seville," and the like. For, explained this charming person, there was cold music as well as warm music, and both had their place in the calendar of time, moods and temperaments; that a cold night called for quick, warm, dashing, fiery melodies of the kind that made one's breath come quick and one's blood tingle with warmth and spirit, the kind that can vie in heating power with the less poetic furnace and radiator. And with equal reason, a warm night called for cool music, softly flowing like a sheet of ice, music that made one think of woods and fountains and rivers and glens, slow, soothing, dreamy melodies that lulled one's senses into a state of rest. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Haydn's cantatas, Bach and Greg were some of the compositions she named off handedly.

The idea is more than a village fantasy. There is reason as well as whimsicality behind it. To any one giving the matter a second thought it becomes quite clear that some music has the power of warming one up, of filling one with the spirit of power and endeavor, and that similarly is the music for a winter evening. In the same manner, the musical entertainment of a summer's day can be chosen with thought of its effect upon a hot-weather brain and body. Whether the idea arose out of necessity of coping with atmospheric conditions that could be met in no other way is a matter of conjecture, but the fact remains that it is a good one and worthy of a trial.

ing sounds that may have been musical, but were certainly not melodious. "If I do not turn this steam off, I shall go mad," said Leginski—"for I've been trying all this while to find the key of the sound that it's making. It's a terrible affliction, but every sound that strikes my ear instinctively makes me search for its corresponding key, and when I can't find it quickly, my mind is absolutely distracted until I can."

GODOWSKY SELF-TAUGHT

It is interesting to know that the artist who has been called "the superman among pianists," and who ranks highest as pedagogue and musical savant of the present day, is practically self-taught. Leopold Godowsky's student days consisted of but a few months at the Hoch-Schule in Berlin, when he decided that the dull and conventional scheme of instruction in vogue there was not for him. His ambition to study with Liszt at Weimar was not realized and a few scattered lessons with Saint-Saens could not pronounce him a pupil of the master. So as the great pianist himself said, "My musical problems were personally solved, and the working out of my own solutions was the best possible training for me. If one has an analytical sense and a scientific mind, the art of self-teaching is obvious. There is a constant stimulation of work and discovery and it is as true of music as of anything else in life, that one's discoveries are vital to them if they are the result of personal experience."

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**Music Part and Porcel
of Religious Life**

Varied as are the different conceptions of music, there is no argument as to the power of good, lively, soul music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite. Mozart said it the harbinger of eternal melody. Luther knew it was next to heaven, while Herbert Spencer believed that it was the art, which more than any other promotes the human welfare. But however it may be defined it has for long been closely associated with religious service. No church service is complete without their presence, and the aid of The Message through

There are examples of outstanding examples of music men who have wandered far from the teachings of their masters, where every attempt to bring them back failed until a song penetrated to the depth that more spoken words could not reach. Music has been the means of changing men's lives.

It was the case of a friend that Handel was a great religious man, and that his music was frequently used in church services. He was found in a church, and his music was

**NOTES On and
Off the Line**

An amusing incident during a tea-party with Leginski at her "war-time" apartment—so called the pianist naïvely explained because everything in it was next to nothing—was the little pianist's suddenly jumping up in the midst of the conversation and making a dive for the steam radiator, which had been recently created.



thing clag at the time, but the appearance of Pete's earring shook my nerve some. It did away with any hypothesis of a fit of staggering sickness to account for Pete's sudden departure. I thought of it off and on all afternoon. Then about six bells of the captain's second shift—we were doubling the watch on account of having no second officer and such a small crew—I heard a tremendous thumping at my door. It was Summers, with a face like chalk, and the body of a man in his arms. I saw by the dome lamp that it was Simla Bill.

"The bracelet's gone, he said with a weak, half-hysterical sort of a laugh. 'I guess you win!'

"It took a long time to get any dead reckoning on the story. This much was certain. Bill had screamed suddenly and then flopped down on the deck, clawing and yelling like mad. When Summers and the little Dyak reached him he was about all spent. There were three long gashes in his throat and two strange holes in his arm. And the string of garrets had disappeared. It was moonlight and the little Dyak swore that he had seen a man running along the rail—said that he actually ran along the bulwark, passing him with incredible speed. He had disappeared over the stern. He thought he had jumped into the sea.

IT SOUNDED fishy enough to me. I tried to find out if the little Dyak and the Lascar had ever had any kind of trouble. These dog watch knitting feuds start mighty unexpectedly. Inquiry developed none. It left the thing up to the two passengers, the crew and Summers and I. I never was much of a detective, but I quizzed the old bugologist and the girl pretty sharply. Neither of them knew anything. But they were both badly scared.

"The old scientist's face was white as chalk when I told him about the jewelry angle. He clutched his shirt nervously and swore that there must be a robber

aboard, a man who would stop at nothing, and a whole lot more commonplace junk that was pretty much self-evident from the rumpus that had been started. He had been promised protection, he said, and he proposed to have it. I guess he spent the rest of the day polishing up a revolver I gave him. I didn't give him any cartridges at the time. That could come later.

"The girl was frightened at first, then amused, indifferent, defiant.

"Me," she said, "poor scare little me—for why should I be asked? I know nothing. I've done no wrong. Perhaps your crew—what you call—cutthroat swabs—maybe they shall know! It is wise all ways to ask them!"

"We asked everybody. Everybody swore in various accents and tongues that they were as innocent as unborn babes. I noticed that the little Chinese cook kept his hands up his sleeves all the while I talked to him in the galley. I reached over suddenly and yanked them out, and he screamed like mad. But I didn't discover any concealed knives or bloodstains, or any other incriminating evidence. The poor devil had been framing to cook a pill when I grabbed him. He just didn't want me to know that he smoked opium.

"What worried me more than anything else was the attitude of the fore'sle hands. A crew thoroughly scared by mysterious happenings on shipboard is thereafter about as cool and dependable as an old maid with a mouse in the office. I knew that we'd hear from that angle before we ever raised Balayan. I thought the answer to the affair lay in some mysterious mania for jewels. I've heard of such things.

"There was a pearler used to clear Tahiti that never brought all its hands back. It seemed that the first mate had an insane penchant for cracking men from behind whenever he saw their countenances shining in the binnacle light. He generally 'discovered' them or

gave the alarm himself. He kept up the ghastly deception for years. He's in the Simla Yang 'nut hatch' now, poor devil.

"I wondered who was playing a similar role aboard the old Dream Girl. Sometimes I thought it was Summers himself. It seemed strange that he should be the first one to make a crack about the fascination of jewelry. On further thought it seemed that that might be adequately explained by his finding Pete's earring where it had been dropped by the escaping murderer. To me that was the best ultimate explanation.

EVERYBODY kept his or her own counsel the next day or so. The old man from Clong Lay walked the deck a little that afternoon, starting apprehensively and staring behind him at brief intervals, as if he expected to meet the mysterious fate that had accounted for Pete and Simla Bill. The girl took a stroll around decks a little later, and I was glad that she had the good sense to leave that mandrill devil below. I was in no mood to meet a giant ape that disputed right of way with a first officer aboard his own ship. But the mandrill kept out of sight, as did all of the crew not needed on deck for active duty.

"Things slipped along shipshape enough for another day or so. Then the wind-up came like old Krakatoa heaving off a few square miles of island. It was almost eight bells of the captain's first watch when he hears something break loose in the old passenger's cabin. He came tearing down the aft companionway, only to find me there ahead of him. There was an infernal rumpus going on on the other side of that teak door. I could hear heavy breathing and the thud of bodies against the cabin wall.

"Once or twice there was a gaspy sound, as if the old man's yells for help had been choked off abruptly. We hurried our weight against the door, but it didn't budge an inch. Then the old

man fumbled for his master key and shoved it in the lock, twisting it around in an endeavor to dislodge the key inserted from the other side. By the time he had succeeded it was so quiet within the cabin that I heard the dislodged key tinkle on the floor. We had our guns drawn and rushed in.

"Across the foot of his berth lay the old passenger. His shirt was ripped into shreds and he was all smeared with blood. Around his neck was a peculiar blue mark that seemed to indicate that he had been garrotted. And there was no one else in the cabin!

"The glass ports were open, but their arrangement wouldn't have permitted any man I ever saw to escape by that means. Where a man can get his head, I've heard, he can insinuate his body. I think this is true. But the widest aperture in the cabin portholes was not more than eight inches. And the glass wasn't smashed. We stood there, breathing so heavily with awe of it all that it sounded like a couple of destroyer blowers in action. I think that Summers was just as scared as I was.

"The old man's face was as white as marble by the light of the open ports, save for the parts of his face that were smeared with blood. The strange gashes looked black by moonlight, and the awe of the last murder sent the blood thumping in our temples.

"There aren't so many bets left," I said at last. "Unless you believe in evil spirits and pirate ghosts, you've got to conclude that it was the monkey after all. His long, lean face could just slip by that port vent."

"Summers wasn't as surprised as I thought he would be.

"I've thought of that," he said. "I've thought all along that these things didn't have a human touch to 'em. I guess we've got a reckoning coming with old Van Zuyder. I think he was in on the plant. He made me promise not to leave the mandrill behind. Said it would break

TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

—Fuller.

Gossip of Books of the Day

Celebrating the Centennial of :- Henry D. Thoreau :-

As I stood this bright autumnal morning and looked out over the glassy surface of Walden Pond, a long and noisy freight puffed exhaustedly by against the pines beyond the further shore, says R. Heber Howe, Jr., in the Boston Transcript. My thoughts had been with Thoreau, whose centenary we are this year commemorating. Behind me was the calm marking the spot where his cabin stood—a monument built by a thousand hands focused from all quarters of the universe. The train had jarred my thoughts, just as it startled a nearby kingfisher, and its soft drifting smoke as it remained clinging to the tree tops in the still air seemed its only counterpart with serene nature.

At home my volume of Thoreau's "Walden" showed me, however, that thought I had journeyed there by automobile, the pond was unchanged as Thoreau knew it. "The Hitchburg Railroad," he writes, "touches the pond about a hundred rods south of where I dwell. I usually go to the village along its causeway, and am, as it were, related to society by this link. The man on the freight trains, who go over the whole length of the road, bow to me as to an old acquaintance, they pass me so often, and apparently they take me for an employee; and so I am. I too would fain be a track-repairer somewhere in the orbit of the earth." Could I have chosen a more typical passage from "Walden's" pages—either those of actuality or the

book to introduce this strange hermit of nature whose philosophical mind took such account of the commonplace to beauty? Why has he not been forgotten? Why is he so widely read? For just such unique and charmingly quaint a passage, is it not?

There are those even today to whom, however, he is a stranger. An amusing incident of last winter occurs to me now as I think upon him. I chanced into the village post office and found a circle of amused clerks gathered round the superintendent. In his hand he held a letter just dropped from the overturned bag addressed apparently in god faith, though mailed yesterday, to Henry D. Thoreau, Concord, Mass. What did it mean—was there someone who did not know that the addressee had been lying in Sleepy Hollow for over fifty years? Should the letter be opened or what? I confess I put my word against the sanctity of Uncle Sam's mail, and voted with those who said the letter should be opened. A cereal company's advertising manager was the ignorant culprit. He had lately read of Thoreau's expense account at Walden; the ambiguous newspaper clipping was enclosed—hat a man this Thoreau would be to further the use of this nutritious and yet inexpensive cereal in these days of fabulous food prices. Perhaps this letter would bring permission to use his name!

cut up into odd lines and labelled vers libre.

There is beauty and poetry even in the sordid side of life, but only Samson can extract honey from a carcass—out of strength came forth sweetness.

Is Vers Libre Poetry?

(By J. Lewis Milligan)

Nietzsche has been blamed for the war in Europe. He might also be held accountable for vers libre and other Hun-like liberties that have been taken with thought and morals in these later days. I am not of those who would condemn Nietzsche wholesale, for anyone who has attempted a close study of the man and his writings must feel a profound pity and some admiration for him. It is the superficial reader of Nietzsche who begins to follow him, but they do not follow him to the end. The tragic end of Nietzsche is the sign-post for all trespassers on the borders of the unknown, which proved in his case to be the insane.

Krupp a Vers Librist.

The vers librist has started on a road which leads to mental disintegration. He will shortly find himself in company with those who try to convince themselves that the devastation of Belgium was a sublime epic of action, and that Krupp is a modern Homer, whose vers libre thunders through the world. If there is music in the destruction of Belgium, it is not in the thunders of Krupp or Kaiser, but in the still small voice of stricken and dying women and children.

Poetry is music, and without music there is no poetry. Carlyle says "Poetry is musical thought, and the poet is he who thinks in that manner. See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

"If you can only reach it"—the trouble with the versalibrist is that they cannot reach it, consequently their vision and their jerky utterances are commonplace, and where they are original they are grotesque. For the life of me I can never see any poetry in these staccato sketches of the squalid and morbid side of life. Everybody knows that there are slums in London and New York, and some people are aware that there are slums in Toronto. But even in these lower levels of society there must be some sort of happiness.

Poetry and Realism.

The poet is out for beauty; he can leave social problems to the pamphleteer and the exploits of the politician. The "many-dogs-and-dead-cats" phase of life is real enough, everybody is aware of it. Men who have been to the front could tell some horrible stories of putrid carcasses rotting under their noses on the battle front, but there is no poetry in merely recording these facts in bad prose

TO SELL JOHNSON'S LETTERS

A fine collection of letters by Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mrs. Thrale (Piozzi) will be sold this winter by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London. It comprises the originals of upwards of two hundred of the letters published by Mrs. Piozzi in her two volumes of "Letters to and from the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 1789," as well as some that were not published by her, including the famous letter written by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale after she had announced to him her approaching marriage to Piozzi, and her reply. The collection also includes the manuscript of Dr. Johnson's famous poem to Sir John Laide, "Long Expected One and Twenty."

The history of the collection is interesting. The letters passed into the possession of Piozzi's nephew, John Piozzi, whom Mrs. Piozzi adopted and who took her maiden name of Salusbury. She also gave to him her Welsh family property, including the houses at Bochy Craig and Brynella in the Vale of Clywd. The letters remained in the possession of the Salusbury family, who continued to occupy the Welsh property, and are now owned by one of the last descendants of the Salusbury name, who is a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Piozzi's adopted son.

eminent American scientist, and the following notable instances certainly go to prove it.

One of the most striking examples is that of Thomas Hood, the "irrepressible" wit and humorist. Hood's life has been called "one long disease," for he was a victim of tuberculosis from infancy until his death at forty-six. No amount of discouragement could dull the edge of his humor. It was during the height of the disease that he wrote "Eugene Aram," upon which his immortality rests.

Robert Louis Stevenson, like Hood, was a chronic invalid from boyhood. The slowly wasting ailment prevented him from writing more than two hours a day, but during that period it gave him unsurpassed command over the English language, an emotional insight into child life, and the world's greatest romantic touch. In his younger days Stevenson wrote essays, but in 1881, when he was thirty-one years of age, he abandoned these and devoted himself to the imaginative type of story, such as his "Treasure Island," "New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," etc. During this period, tuberculosis was gradually wearing him down, but as his body grew frailer his wizardry of expression and his ability to write strengthened.

Antoine Watteau, one of France's foremost artists, painted his celebrated decorative panels while dying of the white man's scourge. He sprang from the humble poverty stricken surroundings, and was forced to work on the brink of starvation for the greater part of his thirty-seven years. Just as his fame rose to national proportions his tubercular condition became worse, and he worked desperately during his last few years to complete as much work as possible before he died.

It is said that Chopin composed his best pieces when almost choked with nasal catarrh. The "white plague," however, permitted him to turn out those unprecedented themes and harmonies which brought him everlasting fame.

machine gun fire turned on them. Mac was on duty and from a gap saw them fall. He turned to the N.C.O. with him and telling him he was going out to see if they were hit, over he went. . . . It seems both were hit and he helped one in, telling the other he would send back. . . . While Mac was working his way back with the man, the moon came out and the Hun opened up on him. . . . He arrived safely, although the machine-gun fire kept up, and wanted to go back for the other chap. The O.C. counselled against it, arguing that he was all right for a while and pointing out that a large cloud was coming over, but "Tightwad" never hesitated. . . . over and out he went, hugging the ground, dodging from crater to crater in the midst of a true rain of swishy bullets. He arrived at the shell hole where the chap was, but when he stood up to lift him to his back one drilled him through the head. . . . I couldn't help but think of him always careful of the pennies, ever grumbling at the cost of things material, and how he valued so little his own life. . . ."

NOTES OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

It is of interest to note that in her younger and healthier days Elizabeth Barrett Browning failed to sell her poems. They were absolute failures, and until she was thirty she had no success at all. Then she felt a victim to the "white plague," and, strange to relate, within a year she began to pen those deeply emotional poems that have given her enduring fame in English literature.

It has been said that while consumption slowly but surely kills a man, it incidentally brings out his genius. This is the opinion of Dr. Jacobson, an

CRISP Reviews of New Books Wide Range of Subjects Treated

Now perhaps of all those who have enjoyed the whimsical verses and pictures of "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts" and "More Beasts for Worst Children" are aware that the authors, whose names are indicated merely by the initials "H. B." and "B. T. B." were Hilaire Belloc, now one of the leading war writers of the day, and Lord Basil Blackwood, son of the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Lord Blackwood, who is still remembered as a bright handsome boy when his father was Governor-General of Canada in 1872-78, was recently killed in action on the Blanders front. He was forty-seven years old.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons are publishing this autumn a new edition of "Pebbles on the Shore," that delightful book of essays by the well known journalist who goes disguised as Alphonse de la Roche. The volume will be specially illustrated by C. E. Brock.

One of the most realistic books on the war, "Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse, is from the house of Dent. The author's pictures of the scenes at the front depict war in most terrible form, and strip it of all romance and glory. "An endless monotony of misery, broken by poignant tragedies. It is that," he exclaims, "and not the bayonet glittering like silver, nor the bugle's chattering call to the sun."

Now that Italy is reeling under the shock of invasion, "Italy, France and Britain at War," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan), is a book that ought to be read. The author of "Mr. Bunting Sees It Through" made a tour of the battlefronts at the latter end of 1916, and gives his impressions of the nations at war. In this book Mr. Wells tells how that when a young man he imitated Swift and posed for cynicism. "I will confess," he adds, "that now at fifty and greatly helped by this war, I have fallen in love with mankind."

Another book on Italy is also a translation. It is a symposium of the war, to which eminent Italian professors contribute thoughtful articles. The translation of "Italy and the War" (Bell) is by Mrs. G. W. Hamilton. In this little volume the right of Italy to the unredeemed provinces is strongly emphasized. Murray's list includes "The Great

Problems of British Statesmanship," from the pen of J. Ellis Barker. A writer on German topics Mr. Barker is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. In this book he gives in permanent form a selection of articles published in leading reviews during the last three years. In these Mr. Barker deals with European problems from the point of view of a close student of international politics.

A new war book by Lieut. Col. Naamith, C.M.G., "On the Fringe of the Great Fight," has been published. The author, who is a well known Toronto scientist, has done yeoman service at the front in perfecting plans for ensuring the health of the soldiers. His experiences should prove a valuable contribution to war literature. McClelland are the publishers.

The Musson Book Company has published some delightful Christmas books, suitable for children.

You whose sons, brothers or husbands are in France doubtless would enjoy receiving many more letters. The book "More Letters from Billy" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1 net) will fill the want, for if one imagines it is the absent loved one who is writing the letters are doubly enjoyable. The boys at the front don't get a great deal of time to write, so if one reads a "Letter from Billy" once a day it will help take the place of the tardy messages from the firing line.

Even without this added interest the letters are worthy of perusal. "Billy" is a subaltern in the Canadian forces and this is the second book which has been made up from his letters. He writes frankly and with a rare insight into human nature—and now and then a pathos that touches. Several character studies in the little book are masterpieces.

One of them deals with a companion officer who was, to appearances, more interested in the monetary phase of life than in anything else.

"... always and ever, he harped upon money, which, as I say, we never discuss, except to say, 'My God, where does it go to?'"

"However, what I promised to tell you . . . was how he died. . . . The other night, while on patrol, two of our men were bombed, had some

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The little girl's heart, and all that sort of thing.

"And you've let it slide," I said, "while good seamen have disappeared over the side without as much as a chance to pray to Davy Jones! I'll have something to tell an admiralty court myself, I'm thinking."

"I wasn't sure," he whined weakly. "We—don't even know that now, for a fact."

"We will in a minute," I says, starting for the door.

"Let me go!" he commands. "I'm still sailing this old tub, and I demand first inspection privileges!"

"Just as you like," I replied. "Only if there's a cache of cheap jewelry in there, don't split with the girl until I catch in on it!"

"I went up the companion ladder, not noticing suddenly that we were rolling lazily in the trough of a ground swell, and not making any headway. I understood when I got on deck. The last rumpus had been too much for the hands. From Yumah Jack to the Chinese cook they'd spilled over the side. The best boat was gone, of course, and I had no doubt that they were hitting across the Sulu Sea for the island of Palawan, in the Philippine group. They must have made good their escape just after the old man ran below."

THE moon was gleaming on the sea in long flakes of light, making it hard to discern a small boat from the dancing shadows. I couldn't get enough stowage way on to chase them anyway, with no hands to stand by to brace when we went about. We were a derelict then and there, and that was all there was to it. I called Summers. He came tumbling up, staring and white faced.

"We're ashore now, all right," I

says. "The first little typhoon will sweep us up on the nearest convenient reef. Two-handed navigation is easier in theory than practice."

"We're done for now," he said, staring stupidly up at the sticks and then just as stupidly around the deck. "We're done for now."

"So you just remarked," I answered. "What about that amiable baboon killer and his sweet and confiding mistress?"

"He didn't answer, so I went below. I knocked at her cabin door, and it apparently was ajar, as the mere knocking caused it to swing open. Over in her berth, looking very small and young in the dim light, sat the girl. I stood against the door, with one hand on the wall."

"Well, senorita," I said, "you've sort of queered things aboard the good ship Dream Girl. You've got about as much chance of raising Manila this voyage as I have of being King of Siam!"

"I had hardly finished it when my hand on the door was clutched in a grasp like steel. That damned mandrill had evidently seen the moonlight glint on the facets of my ruby ring. I groped for my gun, and the girl screamed."

"Matiste!" she cried.

"The brute that had been clawing at my fingers released them again. I slid the gun over quick and pulled. The roar seemed deafeningly loud in the little cabin, and the brief flash illuminated the girl's face. Then there was another crack. I felt something like an icicle or a hot iron slip along my side. We stood staring at each other. The girl's little pearl derrick was smoking."

"I guess you're the rest of the crew now," I said slowly. "If I'm done for you and Summers can work her in. I reckon the ape won't be much account."

"As a matter of fact the ball had just ricocheted along my ribs. While I

groped with my fingers along my bleeding side I stared down at the mandrill. My bullet had entered between the little piglike eyes, just above the red and blue ridges. He'd killed his last man. There was that little consolation. I went on deck again, leaving the girl sniffing and sobbing hysterically in the cabin, over the sticky corpse of the drill."

The narrative terminated abruptly. Perhaps Zeph Stovers was sorry, after all, that he hadn't left the strange Dream Girl episode a real mystery.

"And after that?" I prompted. I signaled the Chinese waiter and the aquarefs gin was speedily forthcoming.

• • •

I WENT on deck, as I was saying," he resumed. "It was just as still as the Sahara at dawn. And no more stirring. I called the old man and he didn't answer. I ran forward, a queer chill of nervousness running up my spine. 'Aloft, there!' I yelled. 'Summers!' There was no real reason for hailing aloft, as I knew well enough he wouldn't be up in the lookout bucket. But I had to yell something. I might have saved my wind, though. Summers wasn't aboard. Discouraged by the loss of his schooner and the ugly mess promised in the salvage court, he had followed poor old Simla Bill into the drink."

"There was a soft patter on the deck and the girl stood beside me. Her eyes were soft and gentle as a child's again."

"What'll we do now?" she asked.

"Try to work a small boat south to Tawi Tawi," I replied. "I ain't anxious to meet up with the bunch that's heading for Palawan. Get your duds ready."

"It was a long, lonesome sail before we raised Tawi Tawi. We beached the boat on the white sand and crept into the jungle. My wound had bled a good deal

with just the slight exertion of handling the tiller. And the tropic sun had started the old yellow jack to flinging again in my veins. On the way the girl told me the story.

"Those mandrills are thieves instinctive. This one, when young, always seemed fascinated by jewelry or anything else that glittered. In the Samarung ruby mines her father would send a stone whirling through the sand for it to 'fetch' like a dog. Then she fell in with old Van Zuyder. The scheme was his. Her appearance on the Dream Girl was part of the scheme to get the ruby hoard the old naturalist had found in some prehistoric Dyak ruins. It succeeded, all right. Only brute instinct is a long way short of reason. The beans were spilled when he was first fascinated by poor old Simla Bill's glass earrings. They looked just as good to the great ape as real rubies."

There was another long period of silence. Stovers stared through the open door to the bay, and wistfully across its gleaming expanse toward the home port he daily dreamed of and would never reach.

"The old Dream Girl outlasted us after all," he resumed. "I chucked the bugologist's body overboard and opened her sea-cocks, hoping that she'd founder with a clean slate. But the copra clogged it up somehow. And because I couldn't explain my part in the affair I haven't been keen to sign articles since. Guess I'll rot here on the lee shore."

"But speaking of mysteries of the sea, they ain't many of 'em as genuine as that of the Marie Celeste. Leastwise not when you know the ins and outs of the affair."

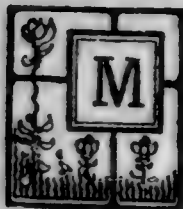
Which last bald and palpable truism I forgave Stovers on general principles.

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BITTER RUE

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



MARGARET, sitting alone in her own room, visualized for her own keen enjoyment her first meeting with Thurston Dayton, the man for whose call she was now waiting.

He had been a fellow guest at a dinner party. Just before his arrival Margaret had gone upstairs to the nursery to look at the three children of the house. The children were asleep, and she stopped in the splendor of the emotion she always felt for a child to gaze upon the 6-year-old boy, with his tumbled curls and rosy cheeks. As she so stood she heard foot-steps coming down the hall. A moment and her host, Jack Rensleigh, entered, a stranger with him.

"I might have known you'd be here, Margaret," said Rensleigh, smiling. And then he made known his friend, Thurston Dayton.

Dayton was perhaps 30, two years older than Margaret. He was an interesting looking chap, with a finely shaped head and eyes a little near-sighted, which gave him rather a hazy expression. His mouth attracted Margaret at once, because it was so sensitive, so fine of contour. She was not given to whole-hearted liking anyone at first sight. But Thurston Dayton's attraction for her began the moment she saw him.

He was her partner at dinner, and he asked if he might take her home, and in that way their very intimate friendship began. They had many tastes in common. He had a keen mind, Margaret discovered, but also he was a dreamer, a modern dreamer, perhaps, in that his dreams took the form of social service. Margaret responded to his ideals the more readily because she herself visioned what might be done for needy ones—not charity work, but working in the in-

A moment of moonlight madness, and a man throws away his happiness and his chance for development. A gripping tale!

manities, as she put it—and when she said that, Thurston's response was quick and vivid.

"The nearest I can come yet to what I wish to accomplish," she told Thurston as he sat beside her at the dinner, "is to get away from the cut and dried methods of organizations, and when the little children I teach and I are alone give them an opportunity to indulge their emotions."

"I see what you mean," said Thurston. "You let them laugh and talk nonsense."

"Exactly," she said; "I think it's only when human beings are happy that they can develop."

"I think we're all coming more and more to a realization of that truth," said Dayton. "Even in business it's being recognized that human beings have an emotional side that must be taken into consideration for highest progress."

• • •

NOW this sort of talk might not be termed important as helping Cupid's case, but the truth must be told that Margaret awoke one day to the fact that she loved Thurston Dayton. And the wonder of the universe was that he loved her, though no words had as yet been spoken.

Breaking into the thrill of this understanding, she heard her mother's voice. He had come! She went slowly downstairs, her lovely gray eyes like stars, her heart beating unsteadily.

He was in the sitting-room talking to her father, but he turned at once to Margaret, and taking both her hands looked for a long second into her eyes.

"It's a great night," he said in his eager, boyish way; "let's take a walk."

So they started away, and as usual with them, they came to the lake, crossed the small strip of bench lying palely yellow in the early spring moonlight, and found a sunken bench.

"We're alone," said Dayton as they gazed together over the lake; "all alone, Margaret."

"Yes," she whispered.

They sat down together on the sunken bench, a beautiful sense of their nearness upon them both.

"What have you been doing today, Margaret?" he asked.

"I took half a dozen children to the park," she said, "and read a little. Most of the time I was helping get Janet's room ready. She returns from Boston tomorrow."

"A finished musician?" he asked lightly.

Margaret smiled at the thought of her little sister Janet being a finished anything, but she did not answer. Her sense of Thurston was very keen. She knew him so well—knew his needs. She felt his lack as well as his potentiality, and her soul rose as at a call, vital, insistent. She heard the summons to supply in so far as she could the quality that Thurston needed to make him of some rare use. Ah, she knew. She must keep his dreams alive—a great work for any woman. In a swift instant she saw down all the coming years, she at Thurston's side, her great love for him his wand. She kindled to her part!

"A penny for your thoughts," he said idly.

She knew he was let down, his cynicism strong upon him. The belief in his own powers was at low ebb. She turned

quickly to him, so that he had a feeling that she gave herself to him utterly, and that the gift was great.

His soul seemed to awaken, and his hand found hers. Never such an exalted moment was given to them again.

"Thurston," she said, "some day you must leave business, the business that just makes money for you, and venture forth."

He rose at once, his sluggishness gone.

"Oh, yes, Margaret; that's my dream. I haven't the money sense in the slightest degree."

"No," she said, and her fingers tightened on his. "You haven't the money sense; you have something greater. Tell me, Thurston, what are your dreams?"

• • •

HE LOOKED off over the dark waters and he began in a low, vibrant voice:

"My dreams? Ah, Margaret, they are such unambitious things. But I want to buy a hooded cart; inside, a cot, a table, a stove, a few dishes. You for my comrade. You would go with me, wouldn't you, Margaret?"

He turned to her with a half fear, but her clasp on his hand assured him, and he continued:

"One late afternoon, toward dusk, we'd start away. We'd go through sea villages filled with quaint characters; we'd come just in time to join the revelers on the green; just in time to throw rice at the bride—"

Again he stopped, felt her encouragement, and continued, now in a low voice:

"Margaret, do you know that all day I've been thinking of humanity, great, needing, sinning, beautiful humanity! I would look up from a blur of figures, a blur of writing, into a composite face of suffering; the mouth set in lines of pain; strangely above it eyes of deepest understanding; a crown of thorns above those

Measuring a Man by His Troubles

The International Sunday-School Lesson For December 2nd Is:

"Nehemiah Rebuilds the Walls of Jerusalem."—

Nehemiah 4.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

If the visitor to Jerusalem just prior to the war could escape the clutches of the professional guide, and get into the hands of someone who really knew the city, and what archaeological investigation has done there, he naturally became interested in the question of the walls of Jerusalem. Many problems hinge on the location of the walls. Thus, the site of Calvary is partly determined thereby.

At several points about Jerusalem and in Jerusalem, the old walls may be seen, but they must be looked for under ground. Taken down into the cellar of a French Catholic school one day, I was shown a long stretch of wall. "This," said my friend, "is Nehemiah's wall. You notice how different it is from Herod's wall. The latter had well-dressed stones, whereas these, as you see, while square at the edges, are rough and unfinished on the sides. The reason is plain. Nehemiah was building in haste. He was limited in time, in labor and in tools, so his work, while great and strong, bears this characteristic of poverty and haste wherever we find it."

The wonder of the wall to me was the immensity of the blocks. Nehemiah employed stones fully as large as those of the wall of Solomon's Temple. The blocks were from three to five feet long and two to three feet thick. The labor of preparing and placing them must have been immense. The best light I have had on this lesson is my recollection of the character of the wall that Nehemiah built. Naturally, as I stood beside this stonework, I had tender and admiring thoughts for the old Jews and their magnificent leader, who, in a period of distress and persecution, yet wrought so nobly for the defense of their Holy City.

A Man As A Wall.

Great as was this work, still greater was the worker. We may marvel at the building of a new wall out of the rubbish heap of the old city, with the perilous work of quarrying out where enemies were most dangerous, and the slow, toilsome task of hauling the stones into position. Our greatest admiration, however, is reserved for Nehemiah, the master builder, who meant more to Jerusalem than all the stones that he had put into place. A city's best defense is not in brick and mortar and stone and timber, but in its men. A community that possesses a Nehemiah has stouter walls than those of old Jerusalem. This Nehemiah had a heart, a head and a hand for building. His soul caught a vision; his hands turned the vision into solid masonry.

It is easy to understand the devotion of a man who is building to protect his own family from death and disaster. Self-preservation is the law which then works. We must rise to higher levels, however, to find the explanation for such a man as Nehemiah, who deserted luxury and affluence in an oriental court, where he stood in the presence of the great king, for the sake of casting in his lot with his own fellow-patriots in their poverty and danger. Nehemiah was greater in the act of renouncing the court of Persia than when he stood, taskmaster and general, upon the rising walls of Jerusalem. His patriotism was equal to self-renunciation. It was splendidly selfless. In the word's honor roll of the heroes of patriotism, Nehemiah's name stands high.

What Is Your Trouble?

After the news of the plight of Jerusalem had been borne by him by travelers from Palestine, Nehemiah went about the court of Shushan with a woe-begone face. Anybody who saw him could read at once that he was in trouble. Now, everybody has trouble, but some are troubled by more troubles than others. One man wears a glum face because he lost a collar button when he was dressing in the morning; another is sour of visage because his breakfast was not well cooked; still another looks troubled because financial difficulties have overtaken him. The newspapers report entire communities as appearing dismal because their hometown has lost the big game.

The kind of trouble that troubles a man is a fairly good index of his character. Nehemiah's sad countenance was because of his nation's pitiable plight. He was above worrying among his race with a melancholy face on account of his own petty affairs. His passion for his people was rooted so deeply in him that he was not content to think about their troubles, but he wanted to do something about them. He was free from self-consciousness—but the very sorrow of Nehemiah was proof of his highness. A nation's woes rested heavily upon

his breast. He wept for the same reason that a greater Son of Israel was to weep a few centuries later. We should link Nehemiah, sorrowing over Jerusalem's plight, with that other supreme Patriot, who also wept over the need of the same city.

Since everybody must have some sort of trouble, let us have the big troubles, troubles that come to men of full stature, the troubles that are an index of chivalry, of spirit and Christliness of sympathy. If we weep, let it not be for our own petty trials, but for our nation's need and the world's woe.

When The Boss Notices.

Old Artaxerxes must have been a good king to work under. When his cup-bearer appeared sad of countenance, the king was not so engrossed in affairs of state that he had no time for kindly interest in the welfare of his retainers. He inquired solicitously for the cause of Nehemiah's sorrow. This is the kind of employer to serve, one who cares for the personal welfare of those under him. Anybody can work well for a man who has this spirit. The labor problem would be half solved if the bosses would but notice their men as men, with a care for their personal needs and sufferings. There is not usually a servant question in the kitchen of the mistress who is solicitous about the welfare of her helper, and who looks upon her assistant first of all as a fellow woman rather than as a servant.

Artaxerxes got at the bottom of Nehemiah's trouble and asked how he could help. Instantly the cup-bearer shot a prayer to the King of kings in heaven before he presented his petition to this king upon his earthly throne. It is good statesmanship to bear in mind ever that over all rules God, and that He is still a very present help in trouble.

Wanted—A Hard Job.

In that atmosphere of sycophancy, it must have been a surprise to Artaxerxes to find that his cup-bearer's petition was not for a promotion or for a larger income, or for some increased honor, but rather for a hard job that meant first of all renunciation. Nehemiah told him how Judah, the capital of his heart, was laid waste. Then he asked that he himself be sent to rebuild it. He could have petitioned for a royal commission to investigate and to issue necessary commands. Nehemiah, however, was not that sort of man. Had he been, the Sunday schools of the world would not today be studying about him. He was a "send me" man, and that is why his place in history is fixed.

With oriental reverence for the memory and graves of his ancestors, he portrayed the plight of the city of his fathers' sepulchres, and the king's answer was sympathetic. All the necessary letters and privileges were given to Nehemiah, and he went forth upon his long journey by the Tigris-Euphrates valley until he could come again to Jerusalem, the city of Zion.

This was a man who did not deputize his work. He was not afraid to attempt things for himself. He wanted personal knowledge of conditions before he went ahead. He was no heedless agitator, to enter into denunciations and appeals without first being sure of his facts. Slipping as unostentatiously as possible into the city, making known his purposes to nobody, Nehemiah himself went out in the midnight darkness to traverse the heaps of rubbish which had once been the walls of Jerusalem. He was a commander-in-chief, who first inspected the battlefield, in person. What thoughts must have thrilled him, as he rode about that city now in ruins, so eloquent with the deeds of his fathers!

The Man Who Can Work With Him.

The psychological explanation of successful achievement in a common cause is what is known on the athletic field as "team work." To solidify the sentiment of many until it becomes the sentiment of one is to insure success. Nehemiah said, "Come let us build." He identified himself with the least of the returned exiles. The plenipotentiary from Persia's court made common cause with the poorest and humblest carrier of stone. He heartened the people with a vision of what might be, and fired their hearts with a resolution to do a common work in unison.

It has been proved many times that the first step in a successful building enterprise is not a raising of money, but the welding into unity of the purposes of all who are interested. A common mind in the people is the first requisite. Nehemiah did this. He interested all the people, and even made use of the railings and tauntings of enemies to solidify the city's sentiment.

Good work angers bad men. That is why the enemies of Nehemiah, about whom we shall hear more later, did their utmost to destroy the project of Nehemiah. Yet despite discouragement and fear and real hardships, the people stood together with their great leader. Happy is the man who can so inspire with a vision his fellow-workers that they may stand fast to their original purpose. Harry Koepman has said:

"When I am dead
May this with truth be said,
On the rude stone that marks my
lowly head
That, spite of doubt and indecision,
In spite of weakness, lameness,
blindness,
Heart's treachery and fate's unkind-
ness,
Neglect of friends and score of foes
Stark poverty and all its woes,
The body's ill that cloud the mind,
Still through my earthly course I
went,
Not disobedient
Unto the heavenly vision."

Warring And Working.

Every real man must work, every real man must fight. The danger is that he will let the fighting interfere with the work. Nehemiah was too canny for this. He prepared his people for fighting. He divided the labor among the watchmen and the workers. Every man who bore a trowel bore also a sword. The fear of a foe was not permitted to drive the workers from the wall. While they watched, they worked. The work's the thing. No war is good war, no fighting is good fighting, that deters a man from carrying out his first life purposes.

Like a good general, with such a battler as the Texans have in "Remember the Alamo," Nehemiah fired his followers with the war cry, "Remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." He made men of them by rallying them to the great altitudes. He let the men fight over against their own homesteads. He grouped them by families, so that anxiety would not distract them from their work. All the strong human considerations were brought to bear in carrying out this great patriotic and religious enterprise. Always the leader set an example of fidelity, toiling through long weeks without once removing his clothes.

Thus it came to pass that as the wall was rising layer by layer there was being built in the community a still greater defense in the hearts of the people, who were being stoutened and fired with renewed patriotism and religious devotion. The bulwarks of a city are in the souls of its citizens. That was the great wall that Nehemiah built.

Seven Sentence Sermon

Solitude is as needful for the imagination as society is wholesome for the character. —Lawson.

Friendship is to be valued for what it is, not for what can be gotten out of it. —H. C. Trumbull.

Higher than fear and stronger than fate.

Are love and faith that patiently wait. —Anon.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing. —Adolph Menck.

There is no greater sign of holiness than the rejoicing in another's good. —George Herbert.

Have you and I today stood silent as with Christ apart from

Joy or fray
Of life to see His face.

To look if but a moment, on His grace,

And grow by brief companionship more true,

More nerved to lead, to dare to do
For him at any cost?

—Anon.

To be everywhere and everything in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue and to dwell with happiness?

—R. L. Stevenson.

Although Ralph Waldo Emerson lived past the allotted three score and ten, his health was undermined by tuberculosis, and only a rough sea voyage at one time saved him from dying of the disease. His wife and two of his brothers died from it, and his life was a struggle against it. However, it released his marvellous gift of genius and made him America's greatest essayist.

The case of the author of "Jane Eyre," Charlotte Brontë, affords another convincing proof of the power of consumption to inspire supreme excellence in literary work. It was after consumption held her in its grip that she wrote that famous novel.

Music Terms Are Defined by Rhyme

For the boys and girls who are studying music, and who are readers of the music in the home department, a music teacher sends in these musical terms defined in rhyme in a way that helps the memory:

Accelerando in speed, increasing measure.
Ad Libitum sing at discretion's pleasure.
Adagio Expressive, soft and slow.
Affectuoso let tenderness and pathos flow.
Allegro now fingers fly and words run fast.
Allegretto not quite so rapid as the last.
Andante soft and slow the movement goes.
A Tempo mark the music as it flows.
Brilliant with great spirit and with might.
Con Espresione in excessive movement right.
Crescendo from soft to loud the music swells.
Da Capo "Return" this sign the player tells.
Decrescendo from loud to soft the music falls.
Forcé to action loud the signal calls.
Fortissimo louder, louder, raise the song.
FFF louder yet and very strong.
Legato glide soft and close when this you see.
Maggiore signifies the major key.
Mezzo Forte a little louder but not too strong.
Mezzo Piano a little soft, too soft is wrong.
Mezzo Voice subdued and in a quiet tone.
Moderato little quickness here is shown.
Piano soft and low, with gentleness.
Pianissimo softer with sweet tenderness.
Prestissimo quick and quicker fly your fingers.
Staccato sharp and pointed nothing lingers.
Unison sing together in one voice, and in music all rejoice.

Kitchener

He stands forever on the scroll of fame
As one who, by his calm persistence,
overcame
All obstacles, and, by his zealous faithfulness,
Built for himself an imperishable name.

He was a man—
A man above the common run of men.
One of the larger breed
A man who at its highest did maintain
Honor's high creed.

Like deep sea of unknown strength
Was he. Now in fathomable depths
he lies.
Master, at length, of all the mysteries,
And those grave steadfast eyes of his
Still watch intent his country's destinies.

In his day and in his chosen calling
at any period of his life, none more
self-exacting, none performing greater
service, therefore the Canadian Club
—R. C. JOHNSTONE.

Paganini, perhaps the greatest of violinists, was often prevented from appearing at concerts on account of lung trouble. It is said that his impassioned and soulful performances became far more intensely beautiful as his life burned lower.

Something Deep

"I've been advised to read something deep. What can you recommend?" "Well, there's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.'"

Paternal Excellence

Johnnie Jones was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively. "I can't help it if I'm not perfect," he sighed. "I've only heard of one perfect boy in my life." "Who was that?" his father asked, thinking to point out a moral. "You," came the reply, plaintively, "when you were little."

What She Told Him

The old millionaire and his beautiful bride, after their quiet wedding, had a quiet wedding breakfast a deux. As trachan caviar, eggs pompadour, a truffled chicken, fresh California peas, champagne—so the quiet breakfast ran. "My dear," said the old millionaire, as the fruit course, a superb Florida melon, came on, "tell me, dear"—and he laid his withered hand on her young one—"do you love me for what I am or for what I was?" The beautiful girl smiled down from the window into the admiring eyes of a young clubman who was passing; then she bent her clear, considering gaze on the gray ruin opposite and replied: "I love you, George, for what you will be."

knowing eyes. Something stirred within me; something great, something prescient!"

Margaret's eyes swept the dark, singing waters. She drew closer to him.

"I like to hear your visions," she said, but could not go on. He had given to her a glimpse of that deep, deep self she so believed in. So fine were her perceptions that she would not let him empty his soul, even to her. So she said:

"In our cart we'd come upon little children in the road—"

And so he took up the theme, eagerly:

"Yes. And we'd drive on and on. Why, one day, Margaret, we came to a little country school where peevish, languishing children sat listlessly, the teacher worn trying to make them understand that letters formed words; words, sentences. And we sprang from our flower-bedecked cart, and the little horse neighed, and the worn teacher came to the door, and, seeing us, she smiled; and the children flocked after her.

"Come!" we cried; "come with us away to the woods, to the river, to the beckoning grace of all outdoors."

"And they swarmed about us; one of the boys leaped upon the little horse and the children overflowed into the cart. And the teacher with the aching, throbbing head sat next to you, Margaret—"

"And"—Margaret took up the thread—"we drove to the woods, and the boys cried out to you: 'Oh, great deliverer, may we take off our shoes and stockings?' And you answered: 'Of course; wade in the water.'"

"And they shrieked with delight, Margaret. And we showed them colors under the waves—the silky grays, the austere purples, the sauntering yellows, the timid greens; they had never seen those colors before. Oh, that day they saw things in heaven and earth never dreamed of by them. And the teacher, refreshed after her long nap, sat and smiled, and because she was soul-awakened she knew that it meant little to teach the child that e-a-t spells cat; for who cares what spells cat while the outdoor world is beautiful, while the river calls, while the trees nod to the passing breeze, while all these things give us the great lessons."

"Yes," said Margaret softly. "And then after a time we all grew a little tired, and the tiniest chap crept into my arms and the tiniest lassie fell asleep leaning against you, and all was serene. And soon, very soon, when it seemed that the littlest chap and the tiniest lassie had had their nap out, we saw the sun going down in a blaze of God's colors; colors He sends every evening from right near His place; and the little horse that had wandered away neighed softly—and so we knew 'twas time to be on our way."

"And so, the tiniest lassie walking (you tied back her hair and kissed her, Margaret), and the littlest chap clinging to you, and in your eyes, girl, a miracle of tenderness."

"And in yours, Thurston, the light the children saw as they begged you not to leave them. But we had to be on our way, for ahead there was work, always work."

"Always work," he agreed softly; "always work, Margaret. And so we drove the children and the rejuvenated teacher back again and left them with new thoughts, new aspirations, and with a

from the winds, the grass, the patient things of nature; and, too, in the cool evenings, in the new mornings, you talked, gently, simply, till before we left her she was smiling, a smile that sent the tears to my eyes, but a smile nevertheless, and so we left her where she would be left to do her work."

In the stillness a whirr of a distant train came to them, the whistle from a

They returned to Margaret's home leaving the lake and the reflowing sand. Though Thurston had said nothing definitely of their love, Margaret was keenly happy. He knew she understood and that words are awkward vehicles, after all.

In Margaret's home all was excitement, for Janet had returned a day earlier than expected. When Margaret and Thurston entered Janet disengaged herself from her father's adoring arms and sprang forward.

"Still the same serious Margaret," she said, and softly kissed her sister.

Then she looked at Thurston, and Margaret said:

"This is my sister Janet, Thurston."

Janet smiled at the incomplete little introduction, but she put out a white hand to Thurston. He took it, and with his artist's instinct he felt her as a picture. The little hat she still wore, plain and simple, resting well down over her eyes, seemed to bring out her features in startling beauty. Yet she was not beautiful, surely not fine looking like Margaret, but she

was all color and charm. Her eyes, dark, dark blue, with curling black lashes, were full of light, and they did not escape the general sauciness of her piquant face.

Thurston, thinking it but right, left the family group early. His last glance was for Margaret.

"I like your friend very much, Margaret," said Janet later that night, when Margaret was in Janet's room helping to unpack. "Where in the world did you meet such an interesting man?"

"I met him at a dinner party Sophy gave a few months ago," said Margaret. "What's his business?" asked Janet, humming a little tune.

"He manages the advertising end of a large radiator concern," said Margaret.

"Heavens!" said Janet. "I thought he was a poet."

"I really think he is," said Margaret softly. "I really think he will be some day."

"Well, if you have any influence, turn his mind from such foolishness," said Janet, losing her interest in Thurston. "There's little to be gained in this world from writing poetry."

But though Janet wasn't really intensely interested, once she discovered that Thurston was not a big man in the business world, she accepted the little attentions he felt it incumbent to bestow upon her, since she was Margaret's sister, accepted them with a nonchalance that indicated that she had been accustomed all her life to men's attentions; which was true.

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PERHAPS Janet's indifference rather attracted Thurston; at least it piqued him. And she was so alive, if not to him, to all else about her. She had a dash and daring that might sweep the average man from his bearings. But Margaret did not fear for Thurston.

They went about, all three, a great deal that spring and summer. Often, of course, since Janet was very popular, Thurston and Margaret went alone. And then they had their old talks; then Margaret was inspirer, believer and sweetheart, though even yet no word had been spoken between them to definitely bind them.

But how Margaret could lift him! How she could touch to life those fervencies of his soul! From her he would return to his work with a sick loathing for it, a loathing he was to know very desperately in the long years to come.

Janet's influence was different. She



Margaret believed she died at that moment.

boat far out on the lake. Margaret moved quickly away from Thurston. She gazed uncertainly about her.

"Thurston, where have we been?" she whispered.

"Away on the quest of life," he answered. His voice was full and reverent. "Maybe some day we shall find ourselves. Can such thoughts as we have had, such visions, spring from naught?"

They rose and stood a moment, silent. Oh, the beauty of the world they had just touched, together! It had swept them into a sense of something eternal! The man felt with a certain awe the tender power of the woman, all her sweet protectiveness, her heady joy even in the thought of sacrifice for him. She had stirred the spirit in him, illumined for him the way down which his life might go.

And Margaret was in sanctuary. Thought after thought grew in her of her life and Thurston's together. That word with its immense meaning! Yes, they would go away to some far place, so that the man to whom she was so exquisitely to give her all might have fair chance to grow to his true stature. What cared she for possible privation if she could preserve that rare power in him to do for all humanity! She felt strengths moving her, thrilling her. He should not corrode, be laid waste in a world of commercialism, where fate just now kept him. Her love was to be his lever!

quickening in our hearts as always when we had touched something great to life."

"And next day, Thurston. Oh, there was a next day!"

"Yes, there was a next day. The next day we came to a home just bereaved. And there was but one left, a woman, and she sat in a little cabin, grieving, no one near her; not understanding the immutable law. And with your capable hands you prepared what dainties you could find, while I swept and cleaned. You see, Margaret, we touched work wherever we found it, and glorified it. And in a few days we closed the hut and lifted her into the wagon—"

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MMARGARET took up the thread at once.

"And as we went on into the far countries the woman saw in a clearer light, purpose, truth; whisperings came to her

THE SEA MIRAGE

By Juanita Hamel



THE sailor lad and the Old Salt, too, may lean on the rail of speeding seafaring craft and search the depths of the churning, whirling water for the image which is nearest his heart—the face of the girl he left behind him.

'Tis said that sailors have sweethearts in every port, and the Old Salt who has put into many and many a peaceful har-

bor may see in the running foam the face of a black-eyed maid of sunny Spain in the form of a wild siren creature whose fatal beauty has often lured men to destruction. Perchance with each dashing wave the face of the mermaid changes to that of some old love.

• • •

But there's another sort of sailor that has recently come into being. Just a lad

to be—a lad fresh from a sheltered home and a mother's loving arms. He has but lately gone to sea in search of his country's foe. He, too, searches the flying spray and finds there the face of a girl—his girl back home—with tangled golden curls and wide, clear eyes that match the water's blue.

Neither man knows nor cares what the mirage of the sea may hold for the

other, but thinks only of the time when he may return to a quiet harbor and seek the woman of his choice. Soft, clinging woman after leagues of water, and salt sea breeze!

Thus do all men dream in waste places and are heartened. They worry not of the day when their ship shall go thundering into the enemy's fleet, but revel for a time in the mirage of the sea.

amused him, made him laugh at times, and at others very sad—and longing. She aroused the man in him. He had strange desires sometimes when she looked at him. He wanted to capture her, to hold her for his very own. Once when she drew close to him in one of her moods of coquetry he had the maddest desire to crush her to him, to forget everything but the beauty and the fascination of her.

His reactions to her little plays were not unknown to Janet, and being not without vanity she broke through her indifference, either simulated or real, and treated him to lovely smiles and deep glances. She did not mind Margaret's presence, for Margaret to Janet was simply a serious elder sister with no feeling for romance.

Margaret noticed her little sister's playings with a fond smile. She did love the spoiled child. Once her eyes met Thurston's above Janet's dark head, and they smiled together understandingly.

One day Janet decided to give a party. "Just some friends, some music, ice cream and cake," she said to Margaret; "one of our old-time parties."

"Lovely," said Margaret; "and we'll choose a moonlight night, and then we can dance in the garden."

The night came, truly a moonlight night, and troops of young people invaded the house. Thurston, coming late, stood in the doorway a moment watching the gay scene, and Margaret, across the room, saw him first. Her heart gave a leap, then settled down. But how notable he was among a crowd of averages!

It was strange that this same thought struck Janet. Hitherto she had thought him rather old, as 31 sometimes is to 22. But now he stood out. The poet that shone in his face lifted him above his fellows. So Janet it was that went swiftly across the room to greet him.

He looked down at her, at her shining hair and uplifted eyes.

"I'm late," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "and they're dancing out in the garden."

"Let us go," he said.

She put her hand on his arm and at the touch he felt a strange elation stirring him. Was it all real? He did not stop to think; at least it was exquisite.

Outside in the garden, the moon shining over all, he took her in his arms and they danced. How heavenly the night! What a sweet, entrancing girl! He thought fleetingly of other such nights years ago, with a sailing moon and a pretty girl in his arms. Just the pageantry the embroidery of life—not the real thing.

But fever was in his veins, the madness of man that makes him blind and rush headlong to a fate of his own doing.

Janet, knowing the emotions that were in him, felt her woman power. And he had seemed head and shoulders above all the other men that flocked about her that night.

"I like to dance with you," she whispered softly.

"I should like," he said as softly, "to dance with you on and on—forever."

"You'd grow tired—of the dance and of me," she challenged him.

And then, since they were in a quiet place, away from other dancers, but in the full of the moon, he stooped and kissed her on the lips, and her lips quivered beneath his; and in his temporary heaven he poured out words of promise; words of pleading. So that Janet, almost carried away, listened and smiled and, too, gave her promise.

And then she lifted her face and kissed him of her own free will.

IT WAS this second kiss that Margaret saw, given as she came hurrying from the house to find her little sister Janet. Margaret believed she died at that moment, to be resurrected aeons afterward by the thought that she had not seen aright.

But she returned to the house and away from the gay party up into her own room. And there, long past midnight, Janet found her sitting near the window, a little white shawl about her shoulders. Margaret's hands were folded in her lap, and she was lying back in a relaxed way,

but Janet had a vague memory of a picture she had once seen of a woman who had been stricken senseless by the loss of one greatly beloved.

But it was just a fleeting thing, and Janet went quickly across the room and stood before Margaret. Margaret looked up then and saw that Janet's cheeks were flushed and her eyes very bright. There was a young and arrogant triumph upon her, and despite the tender tale she bore, a sort of ahewd determination upon her lips. As she opened and shut the door sounds of merriment still floated up to Margaret.

"The party's late," said Margaret, not looking at her sister.

"Yes," said Janet. "Only a few people are staying, though." Then: "Thurston's downstairs. I told him I'd bring you down again."

"Oh," said Margaret, and waited.

Janet advanced into the room.

"Margaret," she said, "I'm going to marry Thurston. We're in love. It seems ridiculous, but we are."

"It does seem ridiculous," Margaret's stiff lips repeated.

"But true," said Janet. "I think we were both surprised." She went on talking brightly. "He wants the wedding to be very soon, and I'm willing. Of course I shall go on with my music."

"Perhaps," said Margaret, "perhaps you'll not be able to."

"I assure you there'll be nothing to interfere," said Janet. "And I'll get Thurston to move to New York. He'll have a better chance in a business way there." She paused. "Already I'm very ambitious for him."

Margaret rose suddenly and faced her sister. Out of the tearing pain within her she spoke quickly.

"Janet, Thurston's a poet!"

Janet stared. Her eyes did not waver for a long time from her sister's face.

"Why do you care whether he's a poet or not?" she asked.

"I've liked him," Margaret stammered, "and there are so few of such high vision."

"Nonsense!" said Janet. Her suspi-

cions were allayed, but she could not look into Margaret's heart. Margaret was remembering a night on the beach, and the talk of the hooded cart—the weary children, all Thurston's dreams for humanity. She was seeing against this picture Thurston of the years to come, a successful man as the world terms success, with a dead soul and bitter eyes, but hewing very close to Janet's pattern for him. Her heart cried out against the brutal killing!

"Where's Thurston?" she cried madly. "Downstairs," said Janet. "Come—I told him I meant to tell you, and bring you down to see him."

With what strange purpose did Margaret go down the wide stairs with Janet! To save Thurston from his moment of passion? She did not know. She went quietly, Janet talking at her side, Janet with already well formulated plans for her future and Thurston's future. Oh, it must not be; it must not be!

THURSTON, in the little hall at the foot of the stairs, saw them coming. There was Janet, the sweet girl to whom he had pledged his troth, but beside her what woman walked! Margaret! Her eyes were blind with pain, but her lips were set and her hands were long and white, holding in them dreams for him.

He started forward. At the sight of Margaret the fever had calmed in his veins. His mad moment was over. For there were Janet and Margaret together, and what man in his right senses but could see the fine beauty of one as against the mere cold and calculating prettiness of the other.

They came and stood beside him.

"Thurston," said Janet, "I've told Margaret!"

Margaret put out her hand. He took it, felt its iciness, felt her anguish.

"Margaret, Margaret," he began.

But it was too late! Janet's little clutching hand found his free one. Her fingers closed tightly, entwining about his with implacable intention.

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THE FLESH OF THE SERPENT

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



HE CALLED himself Tomlinson Dew, and I confess that I know no other name for him. He was middle-aged and tall, smooth-faced and sallow, and he wore fine boots and a broad-

rimmed hat and a long black Prince Albert coat; he was a first-class salesman of nostrums of his own particular brewing; and he worshiped horses—but you can find no reason for wonderment in this latter, for he was a Kentuckian by birth and in spirit.

But, unlike most Kentuckians, he was not a good judge of horses. It was purely by good fortune that he had come by the handsome black that he rode, with his pair of leathern saddle-bags filled with bottled Indian Chief's Prescription, through the mountainous regions of his native state. He had found an aristocrat in hard lines, and he had had \$200; the aristocrat had sold him a horse.

Tomlinson Dew drew rein, at sundown of a fine June day, before Bill Munroe's Thirty-Mile House. The road through the hills here had become a pike; automobiles had taken the place of slower travel, and Bill Munroe's patronage had fallen off. Therefore the proprietor of the Thirty-Mile House had added to his hostelry an attraction in the shape of a gambling-room, where drinks of strong kinds were served to those who were not suspected of being in the employ of the revenue service.

The country thereabouts was not so sparsely settled for a mountain section, and Munroe's place had also become

In these days of automobiles one is inclined to forget the horse and the horse trader. This will recall him to your memory

headquarters for all manner of horse-traders.

And the shrewdest of these traders was a little and bushily-bearded, booted and broad-batted man named Polk Byerly. Byerly made a fair living at it.

Therefore, when Dew rode up before the Thirty-Mile House, Polk Byerly cast covetous glances toward Dew's thoroughbred mount; and, in that same minute, he began to lay a certain plan. It mattered not that that plan had a decidedly shady side to it; Byerly cared nothing for that. Byerly sat in the church's foremost pew twice each Sunday, without fail, and unfailingly droned responsive "Amen!" But anything was fair in a horse trade. Anything.

Half a dozen pipe-smoking swappers strolled from the hostelry's veranda down to the hitching-rack, and began to admire the newcomer's horse. All save Byerly had some flattering thing to say of it; Byerly was too busy with his plan to talk.

Dew straightened, reached for his saddle-bags and got them, opened one side of them and drew out a labeled bottle of reddish fluid. This he held up to the eyes of his audience.

"Gentlemen," he began in a sing-song, sideshow voice, "you now have the golden opportunity of purchasing, at a

nominal figure, the very greatest remedy—"

Interrupted the nearest man: "How old is he?"

"Five years, two months and fifteen days," very readily. "The very greatest remedy—"

"How many hands high is he?" drawled Polk Byerly.

"Fifteen hands, four and seven-eighths inches high, sir. It cured old Aunt Granny Jane Ritter of rheumatism, lung trouble, pellagra, eye disease, tuberculosis, intermittent fever and ingrowing toenails. It cured old John Henry Bliss of pneumonia, typhoid, gastronomic—"

"Both eyes good?" Byerly broke in.

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HE CAN see a mote in a baby goat's eye on the planet Mars, sir. Gastronomic fever, bowlegs, wry neck, double cataract—"

"Give me a bottle," said Polk Byerly. "What's it worth?"

"Twenty nickels, ten dimes, one dollar," smiled Tomlinson Dew. "Here you are, sir. If you are not entirely satisfied with results, your money back. Right here you are, sir; right here. Anybody else wish to take advantage of this wonderful, remarkable—"

"I got a horse," Byerly cut in, "that

can knock all o' the shine off o' that 'n' o' your'n. I'll bring him down soon in the mornin', and mebbe we can hit off a trade."

Tomlinson Dew knew that it were better for business to show sporting blood. "Very well, sir. Bring him down. Perhaps we can strike a trade, sir; perhaps we can. I shall be found right here, sir, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. William Munroe. And any good word you may find it convenient to say for Dew's Indian Chief's Prescription will be appreciated."

Byerly paid for his bottle and left. Dew sold two other bottles, saw his horse put in the stable, and repaired with the others to the so-called lobby of the Thirty-Mile House.

And there he held forth until a late supper was announced, airing his religious, political and sociological views. It was unfortunate for Polk Byerly that he missed hearing those discourses; had he heard them, he might have caught an inkling of the unwisdom of dealing treacherously with the thrice versatile Tomlinson Dew.

Early on the following morning the shrewdest trader rode up to the hitching-rack in front of the Thirty-Mile House, dismounted and began to bellow for the nostrum salesman. Dew heard, put on his hat and went out. Byerly greeted him with a smile that was meant to be deceptive—and wasn't.

"I told ye, didn't I," the trader said, "'at I had a hoss 'at knocked all o' the shine off o' your'n?"

He pointed to a sleek black animal that stood, restless as the wind, high of head and ear and flashing of eye, at the hitching-rack.

"Seek, did I say? That horse shone

like a new pair of patent leather shoes; it fairly glistened in the early sunlight! But it was not so cleanly built and rangy, and not nearly so tall, as Dew's thoroughbred.

"By George!" exclaimed Dew. "What a pretty animal it is!"

"Four year old," lied Polk Byerly. "Never seed a harness, and don't know what one is. Can do anything but talk and ride a bicycle. Don't eat hardly nothin', and 'at's jest what you want. That big horse o' your'n eats its head off. Now look at them eyes, and them ears, and that neck; look at the spirit of him! Ain't he got it? Black Fox, that's his name. I'll gi' ye \$5 to boot and swap wi' ye."

Dew's eyes were wide with genuine admiration. The horse certainly did have the spirit. He couldn't be still for a single second; and yet, he didn't seem in the least wicked. He really should have been wicked, but he wasn't.

Tomlinson Dew rode the animal half a mile down the road and back. He liked the mettle of the horse. Where his own mount seemed handsome and noble, this horse seemed dainty and affectionate. He needed the \$5 he was to get in the trade. So they made the exchange.

Byerly rode a perfectly good horse home, and he went laughing in his sleeve. Dew decided to spend a week in the neighborhood, and found good pasture for his as yet unknown quantity in Bill Munroe's meadow.

That afternoon a thunder-shower came up, and when it was over Tomlinson Dew found a surprise package in the shape of his formerly dainty and affectionate, high-spirited Byerly horse. Instead of being a lustrous black, it was now drab and flea-bitten and ugly. It seemed to have fallen away at least 300 pounds. Its eyes were a dull brown, and strikingly apathetic, and its ears and its head drooped somehow pitifully. Altogether it was quite the most sorry looking of all the horses Tomlinson Dew had ever seen!

"Well, may I be hanged!" exclaimed Tomlinson Dew.

BUT he couldn't believe it. "That animal," he said to himself, "is not mine. My horse has been stolen; and this one substituted. Mr. William Munroe shall be responsible for this; he shall make good to me, or else he shall smell powder smoke."

Accordingly, he went to look for Bill Munroe.

Munroe sat with a few of his cronies, smoking and yarning, on the Thirty-Mile House veranda. The moment these men caught sight of Dew's crestfallen countenance they began to snicker; then they began to laugh openly; then they began to roar.

Dew turned red. To be laughed at in that fashion was a thing that Dew couldn't bear. He felt that he had been grossly insulted, as well as criminally wronged. When he spoke he was no longer red; he was pale.

"May I speak with you privately, Mr. Munroe?" he asked, with an old-fashioned-preacher air of seriousness.

"Shore," granted Munroe, rising. "Shore."

Together they walked around the house and into the cherry orchard. Dew pushed his hat back from his forehead, halted, and placed a hand heavily on his companion's shoulder.

"You told me, Mr. William Munroe," he said with a snap to his voice, "that there were no horse-stealers in this section; therefore, I hold you responsible for the exchange of mounts that has been most foully perpetrated on me."

"The' ain't a hoss-thief in a thousand mile o' here, Mr. Dew," Munroe hastened to say.

Munroe began to laugh again. He laughed until he shook.

Tomlinson Dew, thoroughly exasperated, went somewhere in his clothing and came back with a single-action revolver that lacked but little of being as long as his forearm; he thrust the cold muzzle under Munroe's nose, and Munroe became immediately sober.

I HAVE a hundred and ninety-five dollars in that animal," growled Dew, "and you are going to pay me that much money right now. Shell out, Mr. William Munroe. Call it a hold-up if you want to, but shell out, just the same!"

"Wait," frowned Munroe. "I hate to tell it, but I reckon I'll have to tell it to save my own skin. Polk Byerly buncoed you, Mr. Dew. Simply buncoed you. He bought \$2 worth o' shoe polish and polished that hoss; then he bloated it with a lot o' soda and other stuff; then he fed it a big bran mash that had been mixed up with cawn whisky! Don't ye see? The hoss was drunk when ye bought him! Spirit—the devil! I tell ye, that hoss was plain drunk! It's a pity ye didn't go to the trouble o' smellin' his breath!"

There was truth unmistakable in the tones of his voice, and Tomlinson Dew was quick to recognize it. He wished he had those two hands of his on that cunning, bushily-bearded Polk Byerly.

"I'll swap back with him," declared Dew. "But before I do that I'll get even with him for making a fool of me. When I pit myself against a man I always learn his weakness. Every man has a weakness, Mr. Munroe. What is Mr. Byerly's? Better tell me the truth, Mr. Munroe."

"Whisky and his beard," Bill Munroe answered without a second's hesitation. "He never shaved in his life, and he 'lles his beard with goose-lile twicet a week. His fambly never seed his face, afore goodness! And whisky! His two grown boys has warned me to not sell him no more. They said they'd fill me so full o' lead enough men couldn't git around me to pick me up if I sold him any more whisky."

"That serves to remind me," said Tom-

linson Dew. "I find myself in urgent need of a couple of quarts of your best stock, Mr. Munroe. Come; we'll get it. I happen to know, Mr. Munroe, enough philosophy to be aware of the fact that the flesh of the serpent is good for the serpent's bite. Will you lead the way, please?"

They returned to the house. Dew had just placed a quart bottle in each rear trousers pocket when the door was opened slowly and Polk Byerly's bushy face came into view. Byerly's eyes pleaded. Munroe jerked his head up and snapped out:

"Ain't nothin' doin', Polk."

Tomlinson Dew smiled a very engaging smile at the man who had duped him so unscrupulously. Then he winked, and slyly beckoned for Byerly to follow him. And Byerly followed him.

Fifteen minutes later the pair of them sat down beside a small wild spring at the head of a thickly wooded cove not far from the Thirty-Mile House. It was a secluded spot.

Dew brought to light his half-gallon of whisky, which had never been contaminated by anything like nearness to a revenue stamp, and put it into the spring to cool it.

"Men who have as much in common as you and I have," he said with a twinkle in his eyes, "ought to be good friends. To that end, Mr. Byerly, I have invited you out here, this fine and balmy June afternoon, to partake of a little of my hospitality. I feel, too, that I owe you some recompense for having busted you in the horse trade. That is a remarkable animal I had from you."

"Hit shore is a good hoss, ain't it?" Byerly glanced longingly toward the two straw-colored bottles. "Sperit? That hoss has got it."

"He certainly has. Will you kindly officiate at the drawing of a cork, Mr. Byerly?"

"Will I?" grinned the trader. "Watch me."

HE DID IT. He held up the bottle, and drew out the only toast he knew: "Here's to you, as good as you are, and to me, as bad as I am; and as good as you are, and as bad as I am, I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am!"

"Please drink heartily," said Dew. Byerly drank "heartily." Oh, very

"heartily." Dew pretended to drink, and passed the bottle back, and the trader drank again and yet again.

Then the trader began to talk about politics and the civil war.

Half an hour before sundown Tomlinson Dew, himself very sober, left Polk Byerly lying soundly sleeping there beside the spring and hastened to the mountain hostelry. He returned shortly afterward with a pair of scissors, a razor, soap and brush.

And by the coming of dusk the shrewdest trader had parted with his treasured beard, clean down to the bleached skin of him. And he knew not the least thing about it!

When it was done, Dew caught the flea-bitten and ugly horse out of Bill Munroe's meadow, left it standing hitched at the Thirty-Mile House hitching-rack and rode away in the night on his beautiful black thoroughbred!

BUT it was a pity he did not stay and see the grande finale. I've often wondered what he would have said if he could have known. Polk Byerly awoke at midnight and pieced enough of the past together in his mind to be able to make a trail out of the cove and to Munroe's place. There he managed to climb to the back of his bunco-horse, and then he permitted the flea-bitten black to carry him home. At the gate he fell off; he crawled into the house, disrobed and slipped into the big old-fashioned bed he shared with his wife.

The next morning Mrs. Byerly awoke, sat up in bed, and saw her husband's face for the first time in the thirty-five years that she had lived with him. She gave an ear-splitting shriek of terror and cowered against the wall. Their two grown sons came rushing in, half dressed, and pommelled the "strange man" half to death before they discovered their mistake!

It's an ill wind, they say, that blows nobody good. To this day Polk Byerly has not imbibed another drop of drink, and he goes smoothly shaven.

But he still swaps horses.
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